

# CRYSTAL NOTES

A COLLECTION OF

TEMPERANCE HYMNS

AND

SONGS

FRANK M. DAVIS.

*Published by Leslie & Mahaffey,  
ALTOONA, PA.*

*Small 4. 1887.*

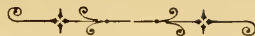
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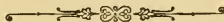
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CRYSTAL NOTES.



A CHOICE COLLECTION OF NEW TEMPERANCE HYMNS AND SONGS FOR RED,  
WHITE AND BLUE RIBBON CLUBS, GOSPEL MEETINGS AND  
EVERY PHASE OF THE TEMPERANCE WORK;  
EMBRACING MANY CONTRIBUTIONS  
BY THE BEST WRITERS  
IN THE LAND.



A LARGE VARIETY OF  
QUARTETS, DUETS, SOLOS AND CHORUSES,

*Including some for Male Voices, will be found in this Work.*

EDITED BY FRANK M. DAVIS.

AUTHOR OF NEW PEARLS OF SONG, ETC.



PUBLISHED BY  
LESLIE & MAHAFFEY,  
ALTOONA, PA.

# PREFACE.

**C**lear, our notes of Victory;  
**R**aise the Temp'rance banner high,  
**Y**outh and Age together throng,  
**S**welling now the tide of song.  
**T**error's reign will soon be o'er.  
**A**nd our land be doomed no more.  
**L**over, husband, brother, son,  
**N**ever yield till we have won.  
**O**urs the colors of the free,  
**T**okens of our victory.  
**E**ver while our banner floats,  
**S**hall resound our Crystal Notes.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

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# CRYSTAL NOTES.

## CRYSTAL NOTES.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

*Merrily.*

1. Gath-er, ye Free-men all, Here where our stand-ard floats, Come while our bugles call Scat-ter its Crys-tal Notes,  
2. O - ver the land and sea, Ech-oes the mag-ic strain, Waft-ing its mel - o - dy, On-ward o'er mount and plain.  
3. Look what a grand ar-ray, An-swers our bu-gle's call, Gath-er - ing here to - day, Read - y to pledge their all.  
4. Long may our Crys-tal Notes, E-cho from shore to shore, While our bright stan-dard floats, Proud-er than e'er be-fore.

*Chorus.*

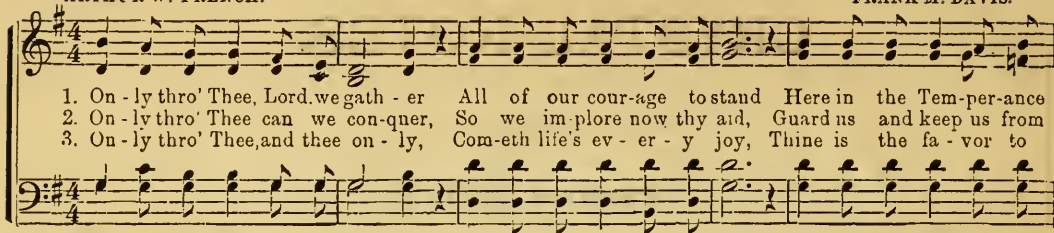
Crys-tal, sweet Crys-tal Notes, Hark! how their mu-sic floats, Fill-ing the air ev-ery-where, Beau-ti-ful Crys-tal Notes.

Crystal Notes      Music floats.

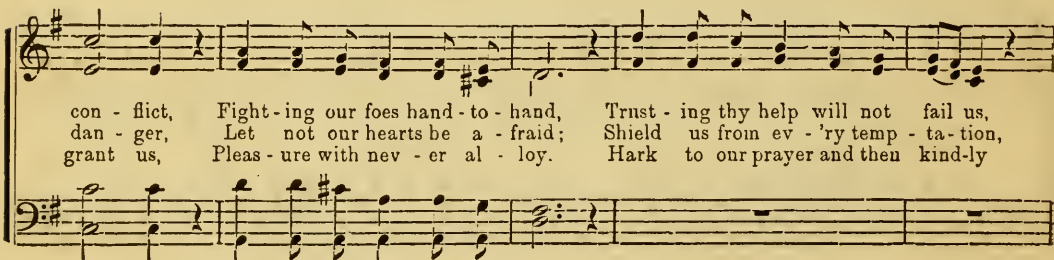
## ONLY THROUGH THEE.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

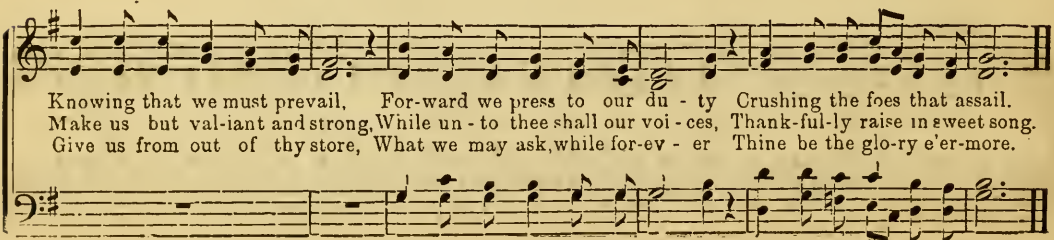
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. On - ly thro' Thee, Lord, we gath - er All of our cour-age to stand Here in the Tem-per-ance  
 2. On - ly thro' Thee can we con-quer, So we im-plore now thy aid, Guard us and keep us from  
 3. On - ly thro' Thee, and thee on - ly, Com-eth life's ev - er - y joy, Thine is the fa - vor to



con - flict, Fight - ing our foes hand - to - hand, Trust - ing thy help will not fail us,  
 dan - ger, Let not our hearts be a - fraid; Shield us from ev - 'ry temp - ta - tion,  
 grant us, Pleas - ure with nev - er al - loy. Hark to our prayer and then kind - ly



Knowing that we must prevail, For - ward we press to our du - ty Crushing the foes that assail.  
 Make us but val - iant and strong, While un - to thee shall our voi - ces, Thank - ful - ly raise in sweet song.  
 Give us from out of thy store, What we may ask, while for - ev - er Thine be the glo - ry e'er - more.



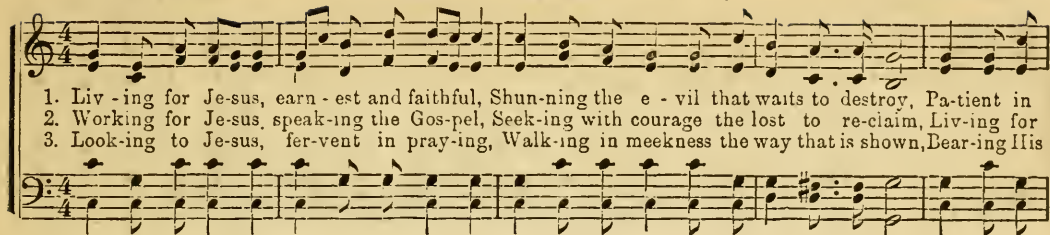
# THIS IS THE LIFE.

5

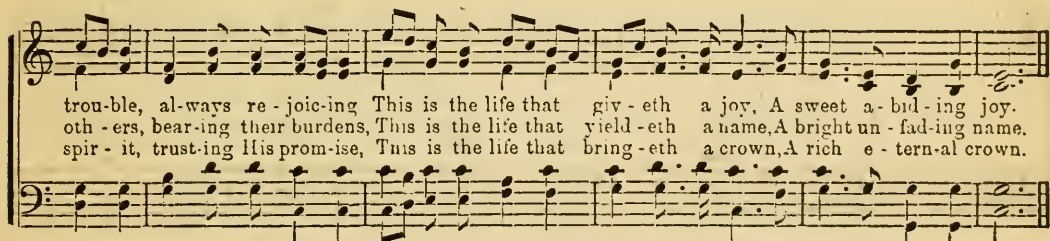
E. A. BARNES.

"Whereunto thou art also called."—I TIM. 6: 12.

L. O. EMERSON.

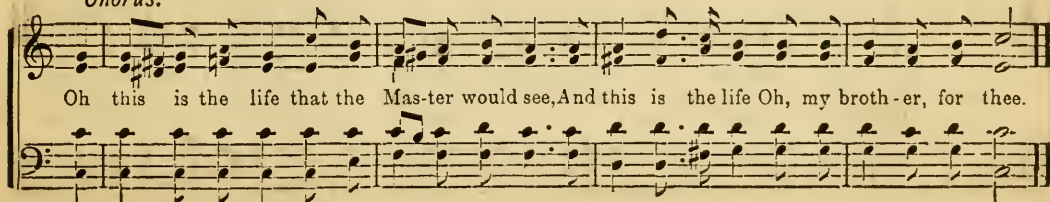


1. Liv - ing for Je - sus, earn - est and faithful, Shun - ning the e - vil that wants to destroy, Pa - tient in  
2. Work - ing for Je - sus, speak - ing the Gos - pel, Seek - ing with courage the lost to re - claim, Liv - ing for  
3. Look - ing to Je - sus, fer - vent in pray - ing, Walk - ing in meekness the way that is shown, Bear - ing His



trou - ble, al - ways re - joic - ing This is the life that giv - eth a joy, A sweet a - bid - ing joy.  
oth - ers, bear - ing their burdens, This is the life that yield - eth a name, A bright un - fade - ing name.  
spir - it, trust - ing His prom - ise, This is the life that bring - eth a crown, A rich e - tern - al crown.

## Chorus.



Oh this is the life that the Mas - ter would see, And this is the life Oh, my broth - er, for thee.

# SAVED, SAVED, SAVED.!

EBEN E. REXFORD,

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I was in ut-ter bon-dage; My fet-ters all could see; Bound down in soul and  
 2. I wrong the hearts that love me, And plead with me in vain; Some-times I strove for  
 3. At last I felt my weak-ness I turned to God and cried, "Oh. help me, or I

bod - y, And yet to - day I'm free! Drink was my ty - rant, Mas - ter, And  
 free - dom, But could not break the chain; What won - der in the strug - gle My  
 per - ish" And help was not de - nied; Thank God! a slave no lon - ger, Re -

down the hill of shame I fol-lowed where he led me Un - til de-liv-erance came.  
 weak-ness was o'er-thrown, I asked not God to help me, But fought the fight a-lone.  
 joice to - day with me, And tell the joy - ful tid - ings, An - oth-er soul is free.

# SAVED, SAVED, SAVED!—Concluded.

7

*Chorus.*

Thank God! for he has freed me, No more by drink enslaved, Go tell the happy tidings, O sav'd, sav'd, sav'd!

## ON TO THE RESCUE!

FRANK M. DAVIS.

*Boldly.*

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. { On, on to the res-cue, On, broth-ers, on,  
See, see, mil-lions dy-ing (*Omit.*) . . . On, broth-ers, on. } Strong the foe we have to fight,  
2. { Work, work, while the day lasts, Work, brothers, work,  
Work, work, night is com-ing, (*Omit.*) . . . When none can work. } Save the drunkard from his doom,  
3. { On, on to the res-cue On, broth-ers, on,  
Lift, lift up the fall-en (*Omit.*) . . . On, broth-ers, on, } Show by deeds what you can do;

Yet we'll bat-tle with our might, Wrongs shall nev-er con-quer Right, On, broth-ers, on!  
From a dark de-grad-ed tomb, E'er his life has lost its bloom, Work, broth-ers, work!  
Ev-er to your cause be true, Earth and heav'n will then bless you, On, broth-ers, on!

## HURRAH! HURRAH!

JOHN McPHERSON.

(Male Voices.)

JOHN McPHERSON.

1. O see our col-umns  
 Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur - rah! Hur-rah! hur-rah! hur-rah! 2. We're working 'gainst this  
 3. Our vic - to - ry will

march - ing on with cheer - ful steps and hap - py song, For work - ing days how soon they're gone, Hur -  
 night - y blight That threatens to o'erwhelm the Right, Then, so - ber friends, wake up and fight, Hur -  
 come at last, When all these wea - ry days are past, We'll in the har - bor an - chor fast, Hur -

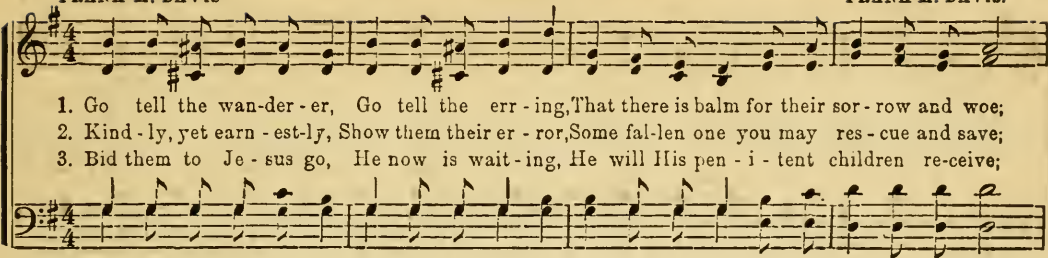
rah! hur-rah! hur - rah! Hur - rah! hur-rah! hurrah! Hur - rah! hur - rah!

# GO TELL THE ERRING.

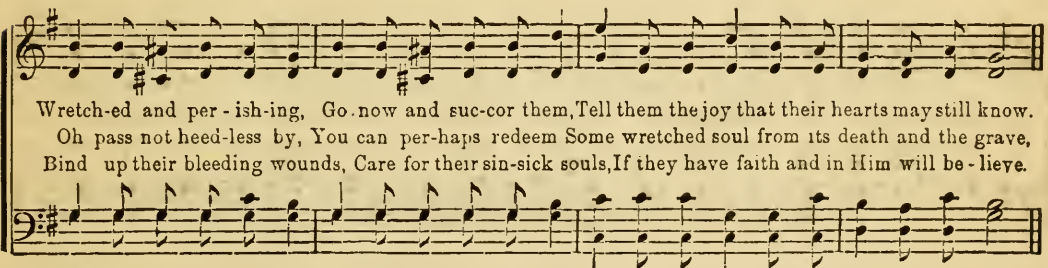
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FRANK M. DAVIS

FRANK M. DAVIS.

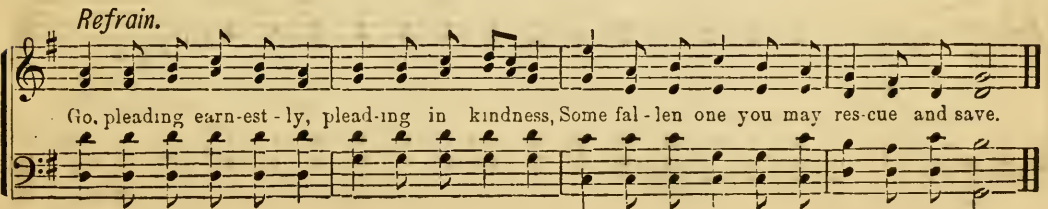


1. Go tell the wan-der-er, Go tell the err-ing, That there is balm for their sor-row and woe;  
 2. Kind-ly, yet earn-est-ly, Show them their er-ror, Some fal-len one you may res-cue and save;  
 3. Bid them to Je-sus go, He now is wait-ing, He will His pen-i-tent children re-ceive;



Wretch-ed and per-ish-ing, Go now and suc-cor them, Tell them the joy that their hearts may still know.  
 Oh pass not heed-less by, You can per-haps redeem Some wretched soul from its death and the grave,  
 Bind up their bleeding wounds, Care for their sin-sick souls, If they have faith and in Him will be-lieve.

*Refrain.*

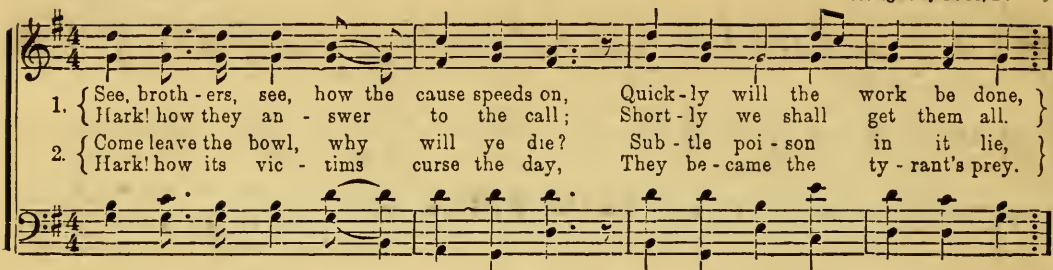


Go, pleading earn-est-ly, plead-ing in kindness, Some fal-len one you may res-cue and save.



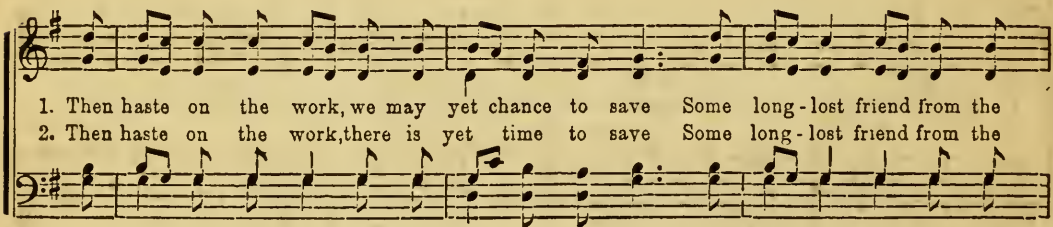
## SEE HOW THE CAUSE SPEEDS ON.

Arranged by F. M. D.



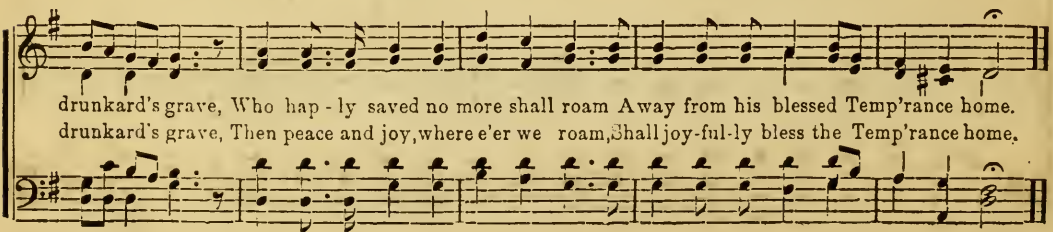
1. { See, broth - ers, see, how the cause speeds on, Quick - ly will the work be done, }  
 { Hark! how they an - swer to the call; Short - ly we shall get them all. }

2. { Come leave the bowl, why will ye die? Sub - tle poi - son in it lie, }  
 { Hark! how its vic - tims curse the day, They be - came the ty - rant's prey. }



1. Then haste on the work, we may yet chance to save Some long - lost friend from the

2. Then haste on the work, there is yet time to save Some long - lost friend from the



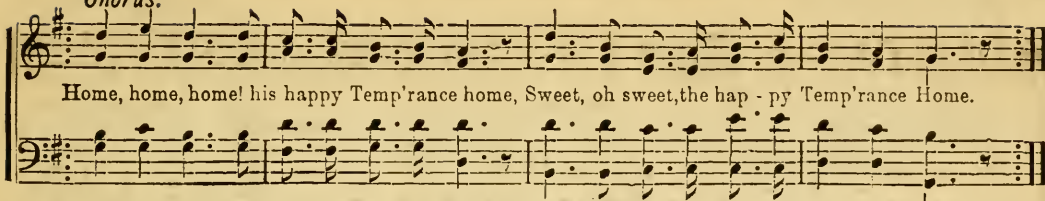
drunkard's grave, Who hap - ly saved no more shall roam Away from his blessed Temp'rance home.

drunkard's grave, Then peace and joy, where'er we roam, Shall joy - ful - ly bless the Temp'rance home.

# SEE HOW THE CAUSE SPEEDS ON.—Concluded.

11

*Chorus.*

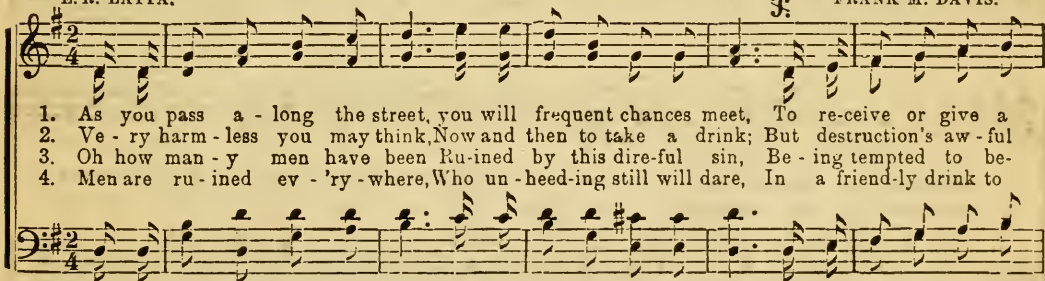


Home, home, home! his happy Temp'rance home, Sweet, oh sweet, the hap - py Temp'rance Home.

## NEVER TREAT.

E. R. LATTA.

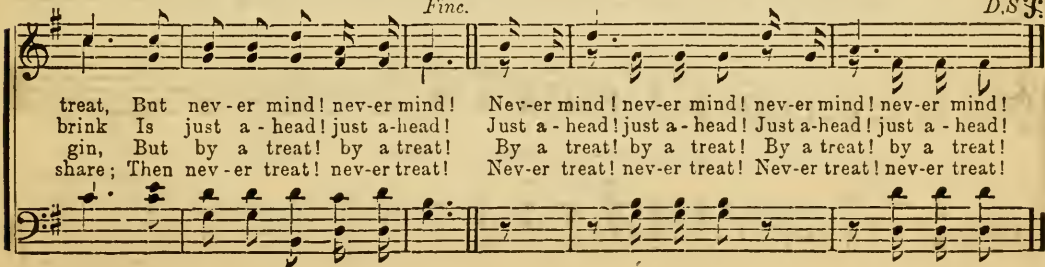
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. As you pass a - long the street, you will frequent chances meet, To re - ceive or give a  
 2. Ve - ry harm - less you may think, Now and then to take a drink; But destruction's aw - ful  
 3. Oh how man - y men have been Ru - ined by this dire - ful sin, Be - ing tempted to be -  
 4. Men are ru - ined ev - 'ry - where, Who un - heed - ing still will dare, In a friend - ly drink to

*Fine.*

*D.S. F.*



treat, But nev - er mind! nev - er mind! Nev - er mind! nev - er mind! nev - er mind!  
 brink Is just a - head! just a - head! Just a - head! just a - head! Just a - head!  
 gin, But by a treat! by a treat! By a treat! by a treat! By a treat! by a treat!  
 share; Then nev - er treat! nev - er treat! Nev - er treat! nev - er treat! Nev - er treat!

## THE RIFTED ROCK.

MRS. MARY D. JAMES.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. In the rift-ed Rock I'm rest-ing, Safe-ly sheltered I a-bide; There no foes nor storms mo-  
 2. Long pursued by sin and Sa-tan, Wea-ry, sad, I longed for rest; Then I found this heav'nly  
 3. "Peace which passeth un-der-stand-ing," Joy the world could never give, I am find-ing now in  
 4. In the rift-ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past; All se-cure in this blest

## Chorus.

lest me, While with-in the cleft I hide.  
 shel-ter, O-pened in my Sa-vior's breast. Now I'm rest-ing, sweet-ly rest-ing, In the  
 Je-sus; In His smiles of love I live.  
 Ref-uge, Heed-ing not the fierc-est blast.

cleft once made for me; Je-sus, bless-ed Rock of A-ges, I am hid-ing now in Thee.

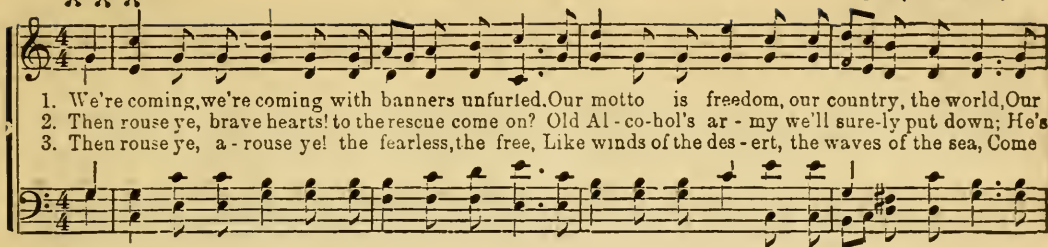


# WE'RE COMING.

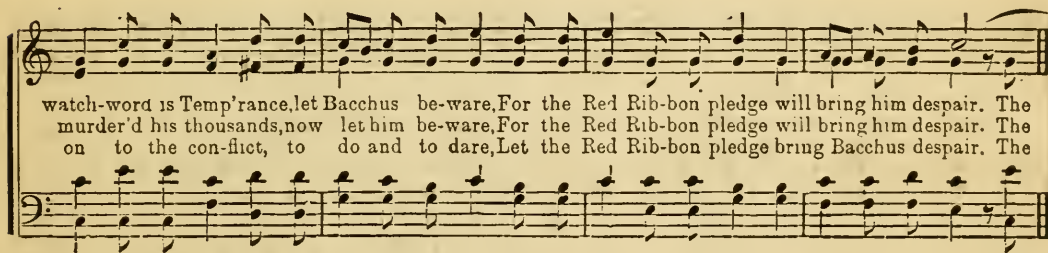
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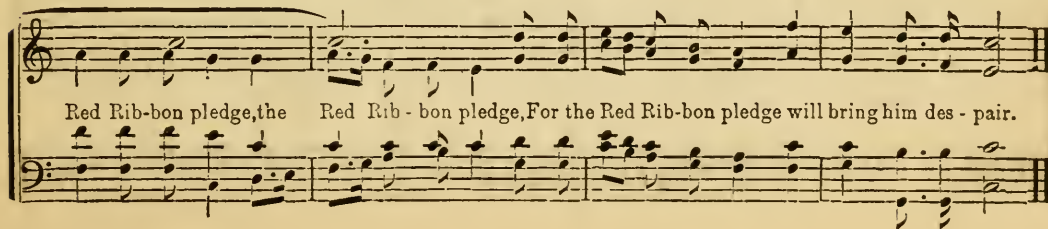
J. W. SUFFERN.



1. We're coming, we're coming with banners unfurled. Our motto is freedom, our country, the world, Our  
 2. Then rouse ye, brave hearts! to the rescue come on? Old Al-co-hol's ar-my we'll sure-ly put down; He's  
 3. Then rouse ye, a-rouse ye! the fearless, the free, Like winds of the des-ert, the waves of the sea, Come



watch-word is Temp'rance, let Bacchus be-ware, For the Red Rib-bon pledge will bring him despair. The  
 murder'd his thousands, now let him be-ware, For the Red Rib-bon pledge will bring him despair. The  
 on to the con-flict, to do and to dare, Let the Red Rib-bon pledge bring Bacchus despair. The



Red Rib-bon pledge, the Red Rib-bon pledge, For the Red Rib-bon pledge will bring him des-pair.

## WIDE AWAKE BOYS!

GEO. S. BURLEIGH.

*With vigor.*

(For Male Voices.)

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. There's a la - bor to be wrought, There's a race that we must run; There's a bat - tle to be  
 2. In the coun - cils of the great; In the hov - els of the low; On the ver - y throne of  
 3. See him in the ho - ly place, Lurking in the bless - ed wine! Gleaming thro' the brid - a

fought, And a vic - t'ry to be won, For a cheat - ed na - tion's sake! Ho! ye peo - ple! plundered  
 state, Sits the de - vas - tat - ing foe! On - ly hu - man life can slake His in - fer - nal thirst for  
 lace, How his fierce eyes deadly shine! Coil - ing like a venomed snake in the par - lor's so - cial

all By the slaves of Al - co - hol! Rouse, the de - mon's arm to break; Wide awake, boys, wide a - wake!  
 blood, Up! for bat - tle brotherhood! Smite him till his vas - sals quake! Wide awake, boys, wide a - wake!  
 ring! Strength and beauty feel his sting! Hurl him to his burn - ing lake, Wide awake, boys, wide a - wake!

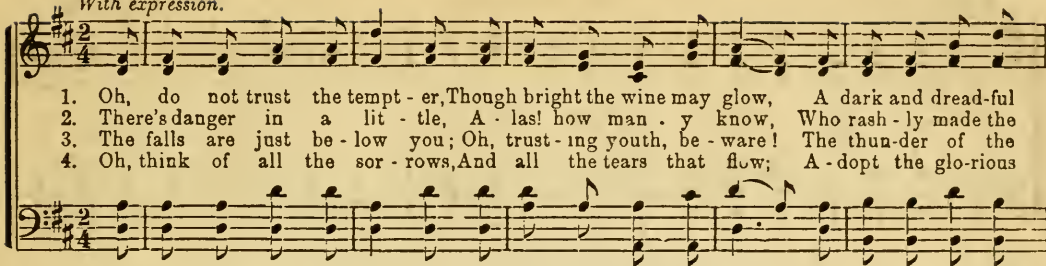
# DRINK NOT AT ALL.

15

E. R. LATTA.

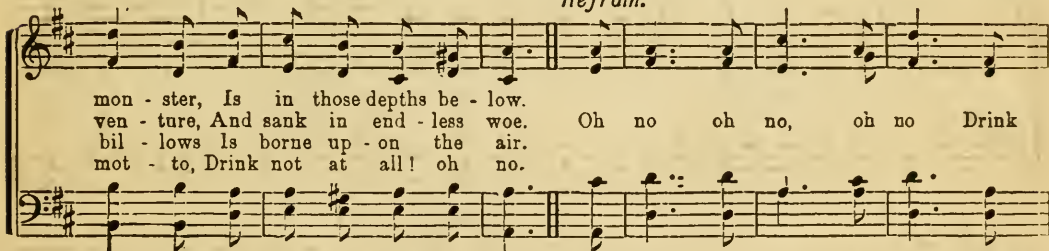
FRANZ.

*With expression.*



1. Oh, do not trust the tempt - er, Though bright the wine may glow, A dark and dread-ful  
 2. There's danger in a lit - tle, A - las! how man - y know, Who rash - ly made the  
 3. The falls are just be - low you; Oh, trust - ing youth, be - ware! The thun-der of the  
 4. Oh, think of all the sor - rows, And all the tears that flow; A - dopt the glo-rious

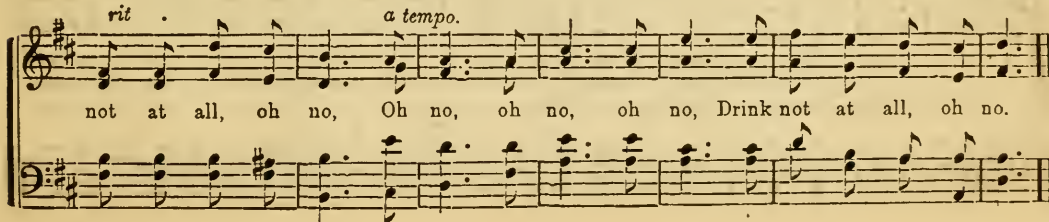
*Refrain.*



mon - ster, Is in those depths be - low.  
 ven - ture, And sank in end - less woe. Oh no oh no, oh no Drink  
 bil - lows is borne up - on the air.  
 mot - to, Drink not at all! oh no.

*rit*

*a tempo.*



not at all, oh no, Oh no, oh no, oh no, Drink not at all, oh no.

## THERE'S DEATH IN THE CUP.

MRS. ANNIE E. THOMSON.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. There is death in the cup. Oh, then tar - ry not there. Though it shine like the ru - by so  
 2. There is death in the cup, Oh, then think of the tears, Of thy moth - er who watched o'er thy  
 3. There is death in the cup, There is death to thy soul, As the dark end less years of e -

glit - 'ring and fair; Oh, look not on its beau - ty, for soon its fiercesting Your fair  
 ear - li est years, And thy fa - ther's fond hopes that must per - ish with thee, If thou  
 ter - ni - ty roll; And no heav - en, no rest, and no Sa - vior thou't see, If thou

*Chorus.*

bod - y and soul to de - struc - tion will bring.  
 tar - ri - est there where the tempter may be. Oh, then taste not, and touch not, the warning o - bey;  
 drink of the cup that is sparkling for thee.

1st. 2nd.

It will smile to deceive thee, it charms but to slay; It will smile to deceive thee, it charms but to slay.

## WHO IS FOR THE RIGHT?

FRANK M. DAVIS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Raise the gleaming ban - ner high, On - ward to the fight. Shout a - loud the bat - tle - cry, Who is for the Right?  
 2. With the help of God we'll stand, Shielded by His might, Truth shall reign throughout the land, Who is for the Right?  
 3. Come, then, min - ions of the still, Come in all your might, We shall con - quer with a will, Who is for the Right?

## Chorus.

Who is for the Right? Who is for the Right? Shout a - loud the bat - tle - cry, Who is for the Right?

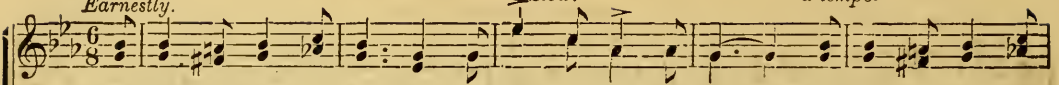


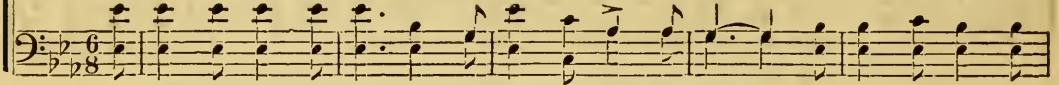
## WE'LL SIGN THE PLEDGE TO-NIGHT, BOYS.

E. R. LATTA.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

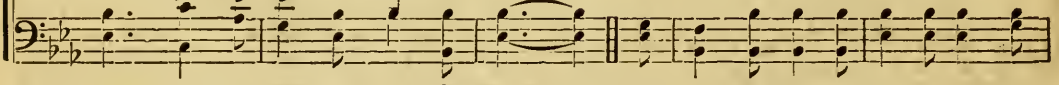
*Earnestly.**Slow.**a tempo.*

- 
1. We'll sign the pledge to-night, boys! The warn - ing we will heed; We'll write our names to
  2. We'll sign the pledge to-night, boys! 'Twill help us to be true! We'll wear the rib-bons,
  3. We'll sign the pledge to-night, boys, What-ev - er may be said; Nor mon - ey spend for
  4. We'll sign the pledge to-night, boys, What-ev - er oth - ers think! We'll swell the grow - ing

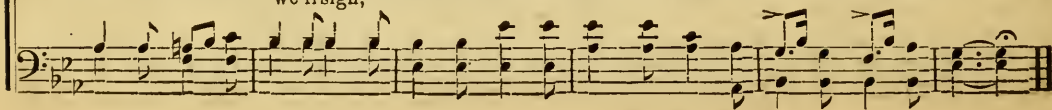
*Refrain.*


stay, boys! It is a no - ble deed.  
 too, boys, The red, the white, the blue.  
 drink, boys! That we should spend for bread.  
 list, boys, Of those who will not drink.

We'll sign the pledge to - night, We'll  
 we'll sign,



sign the pledge to - night, We'll sign the pledge, we'll sign the pledge, We'll sign the pledge to-night.  
 we'll sign,



# OH TIS WONDERFUL.

19

E. A. BARNES.

"For by grace are ye saved."—Eph: 2. 8

JNO. R. SWENEY.

*Moderato.*

1. In the Gospel's sweet old sto - ry, Lo! I read its gol - den theme, How the Prince of life and
2. Sin its se - cret work was ply - ing, Ad - ding guilt with ev - ery day, Till I read that Christ in
3. To his love I was a stran - ger, To his call I gave no heed, Till at last I saw my
4. Lost in sin was my con - di - tion, Hope had not a rest - ing place, Till I felt that with con -

glo - ry, Came to suf - fer and re - deem.  
dy - ing, Died to take my guilt a - way.  
dan - ger, Found the friend I stood in need.  
tri - tion, E - ven I was sav'd by grace.

Oh, tis won - der - ful, won - der - ful, Yes, tis won - der - ful,

won - der - ful! Oh, tis won - der - ful, won - der - ful, The sto - ry of his love.

## TIE ON THE RIBBON OF BLUE.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Tie on the rib-bon of blue, Join in the glor - ious cause, Pledging your hearts to be  
 2. Tie on the rib bon of blue, Proud-ly step in - to our ranks; Welcome there's surely for  
 3. Cling to the rib-bon of blue, Keep it a - way from the dust, Ev - er dis-play it to

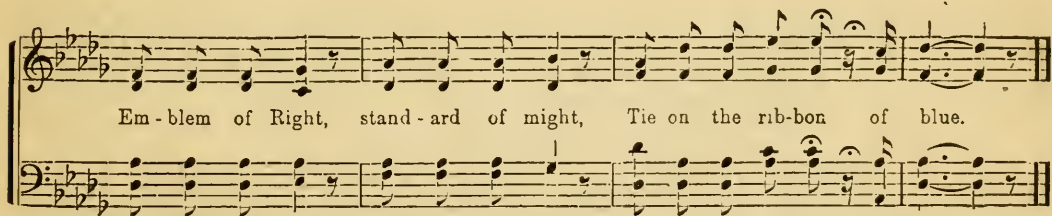
true, Now to the tem-p'rance cause; Why need you long-er de - lay? Put on the  
 you, Hail-ing your com-ing with thanks; Ral-ly with us and a - way, March-ing a-  
 view, This be your la - bor and trust; Sig - nal it is for man-kind, Guard-ing the

ar - mor of truth; Time pass-es swift-ly a - way, Come in the days of thy youth.  
 long to the fight, Ours be the vic-t'ry to - day, Wrong shall be conquered by might.  
 wayward a - right, So that the wand'rer may find Hope in the cause just and right.



*Chorus.*


Tie on the rib - bon of blue, Badge of the loy - al and true,



Em - blem of Right, stand - ard of might, Tie on the rib - bon of blue.

## YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.\*

1. Yield not to temptation,  
For yielding is sin,  
Each victory will help us  
Some other to win;  
Fight manfully onward,  
Dark passions subdue,  
Look ever to Jesus  
He'll carry you through.

2. Shun evil companions.  
Bad language disdain,  
God's name hold in reverence,  
Nor take it in vain;  
Be thoughtful and earnest,  
Kind-hearted and true,  
Look ever to Jesus,  
He'll carry you through.

3. To him that o'ercometh,  
God giveth a crown;  
Through faith we shall conquer,  
Though often cast down;  
He who is the Savior,  
Our strength will renew,  
Look ever to Jesus,  
He'll carry you through

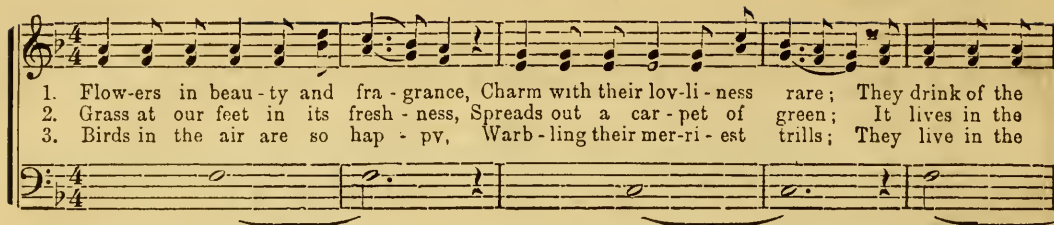
\* By permission.

## HOW HAPPY I WILL BE.

MARY A. STRAUB.

S. W. STRAUB.

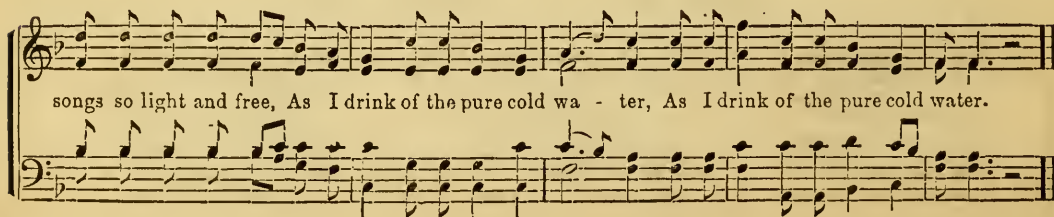
(Duet and Chorus.)



1. Flow-ers in beau-ty and fra-grance, Charm with their lov-li-ness rare; They drink of the  
 2. Grass at our feet in its fresh-ness, Spreads out a car-pet of green; It lives in the  
 3. Birds in the air are so hap-py, Warb-ling their mer-ri-est trills; They live in the

*Chorus.*


pearl-y dew - drops, And bask in the sun-ny air.  
 balmy sun - shine, And drinks of the fall-ing stream O how hap-py I will be with my  
 gold-en sun - shine, And drink of the pearl-y rills



songs so light and free, As I drink of the pure cold wa - ter, As I drink of the pure cold water.

# STAND BY THE BLUE.

23

Rev. H. TAYLOR.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

*Boldly.*

1. Stand by the blue, Ev - er be true, Breast-ing the surg-es that break, Hus-bands and wives,  
 2. On to the fight, Strike for the Right, Scorn to com-pound with the wrong, Speak up and out,

The first system of music is in 6/8 time, key of B-flat major. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The music is marked 'Boldly'.

*Chorus.*

Stand for your lives, Vir - tue and right are at stake. Stand, stand, stand,  
 Leave not a doubt Where your con-vic-tions be - long.

The chorus begins with a double bar line. The melody continues in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The music is marked 'Chorus'.

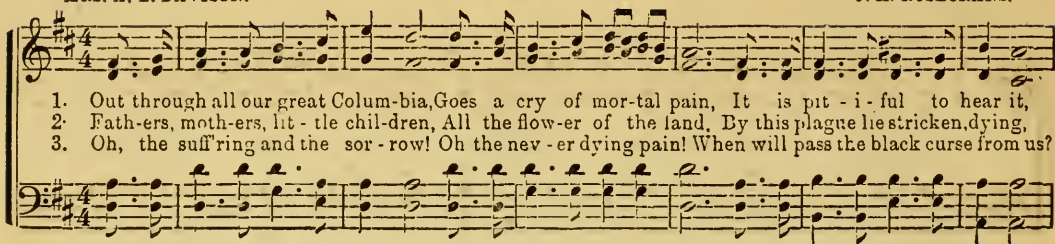
Stand by the rib-bon of blue. Stand, stand, stand, Stand by the rib-bon of blue.

The second system of music continues the melody and accompaniment. It consists of a treble and bass staff. The music is marked 'Stand by the rib-bon of blue'.

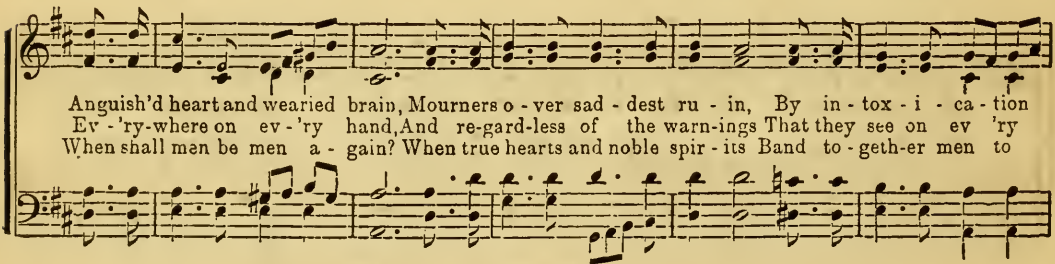
## DASH DOWN THE WINE CUP.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

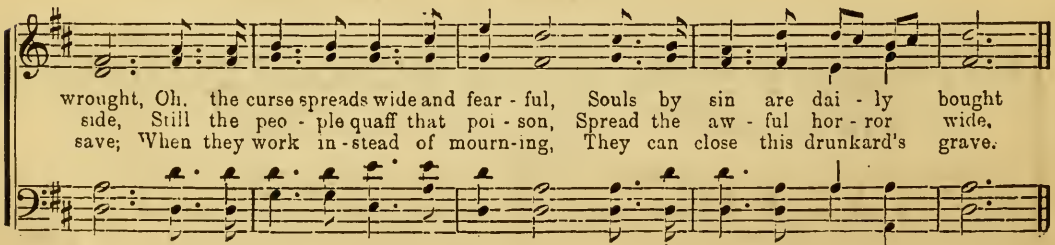
J. H. ROSECRANS.



1. Out through all our great Colum-bia, Goes a cry of mor-tal pain, It is pit-i-ful to hear it,  
 2. Fath-ers, moth-ers, lit-tle chil-dren, All the flow-er of the land, By this plague lie stricken, dying,  
 3. Oh, the suff'ring and the sor-row! Oh the nev-er dying pain! When will pass the black curse from us?



Anguish'd heart and wearied brain, Mourners o-ver sad-dest ru-in, By in-tox-i-ca-tion  
 Ev-'ry-where on ev-'ry hand, And re-gard-less of the warn-ings That they see on ev-'ry  
 When shall men be men a-gain? When true hearts and noble spir-its Band to-geth-er men to

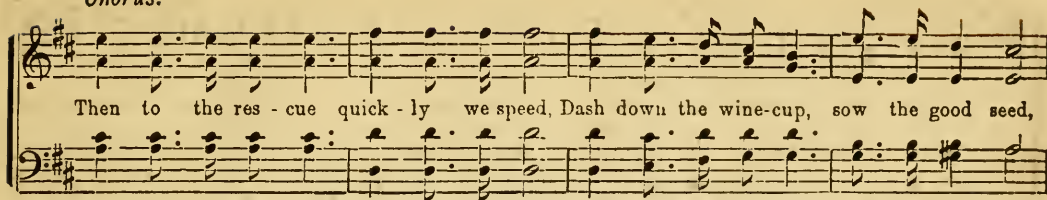


wrought, Oh, the curse spreads wide and fear-ful, Souls by sin are dai-ly bought  
 side, Still the peo-ple quaff that poi-son, Spread the aw-ful hor-ror wide,  
 save; When they work in-stead of mourn-ing, They can close this drunkard's grave.

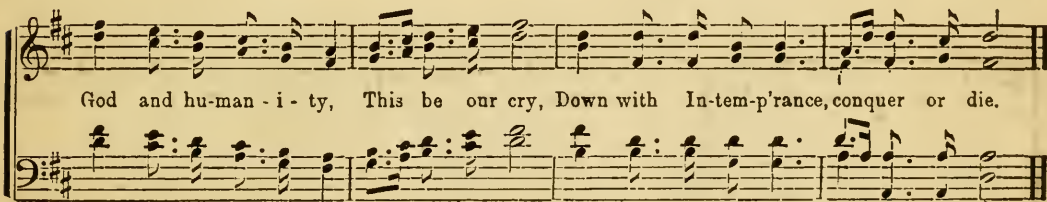
# DASH DOWN THE WINE CUP.—Concluded.

25

## Chorus.



Then to the res - cue quick - ly we speed, Dash down the wine-cup, sow the good seed,



God and hu-man - i - ty, This be our cry, Down with In-tem-p'rance, conquer or die.

# WAKE THE ANTHEM OF DELIVERANCE.

(Air: "Hold the Fort.")

J. H. BOSTWICK.

1. Wake the anthem of deliverance,  
Let it echo far;  
For a brighter day is dawning,  
See the morning star.

2. "Dare do right," and we shall triumph,  
Let the anthem ring.  
Alcohol's dread throne is trembling,  
Water is our king.

*Chorus.*—Sign the pledge and be a soldier,  
In this glorious war,  
Help redeem the race from thralldom,  
Speed the rising star

3. Hold the fort, do not surrender,  
Fight on to the last,  
Never strike your flag to mortals,  
Nail it to the mast.

## ROLL ON THE TEMPERANCE BALL.

CHARLIE M. DAVIS.

*Allegretto.*

1. Come all ye true friends of the na-tion, At-tend to hu-man - i - ty's call; Come aid in your  
 2. And when we have form d the blest Un-ion, We'll firm-ly march on one and all, We'll shout when we  
 3. The Cold Wa-ter ar-my's ad-vanc-ing, The co-horts of Rum to des-roy, The glad eye of  
 4. The maid-en now tru-ly de-light-ed, Her heart beat-ing wild-ly with joy Con-fides in the

*Fine. Chorus.*

Coun-try's sal-va-tion, And roll on the Tem-p'rance ball.  
 meet in com-mu-nion, And roll on the Tem-p'rance ball. Then roll on the Tem-p'rance ball, Then  
 beau-ty is danc-ing; Her heart's o-ver-flowing with joy.  
 vow that is pligh-ted, Her youth is a "Red Rib-bon boy."

*D.S.F.*

roll on the Tem-p'rance ball.

5. The drunkard our pledge is now keeping;  
 No more reeling boldly about;  
 The old broken bottle is weeping,  
 The last drop of misery is out.—

6. How can you stand halting, while beauty  
 Is sweetly appealing to all  
 To come to the standard of duty,  
 And roll on the Tem-p'rance ball?

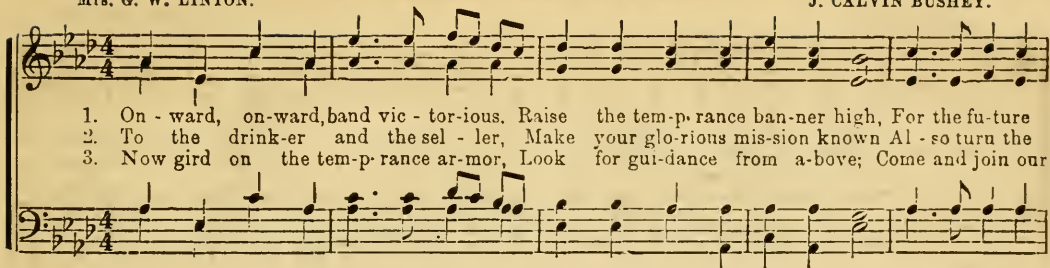


# TEMPERANCE BAND.

27

Mrs. G. W. LINTON.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.



1. On - ward, on-ward, band vic - tor - ious. Raise the tem - p - rance ban - ner high, For the fu - ture  
 2. To the drink - er and the sel - ler, Make your glo - rious mis - sion known Al - so turn the  
 3. Now gird on the tem - p - rance ar - mor, Look for gui - dance from a - bove; Come and join our

*Duo.*



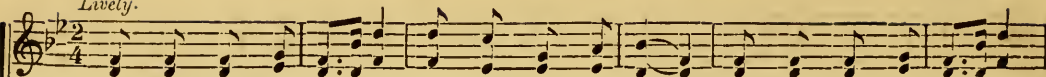
will be glo - rious, And your day of tri - umph high, Vice and woe will flee be - fore you  
 blind dis - til - ler From his fear - ful pend - ing doom; Wid - ows, or - phan's now be - seech you  
 glo - rious lea - der Shield - ed by a Fath - er's love; On - ward, on - ward, nev - er fal - ter,



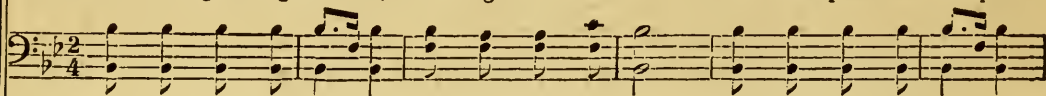
As the dark - ness flies the sun; Onward, vic - tory hov - ers o'er you Soon the con - quest will be won.  
 To des - troy the heart - less foe; Mer - cy, sym - pa - thy and jus - tice Urge you still to on - ward go.  
 Cease not till our land is free; Vowing on the tem - p - rance altar, Onward still to vic - to - ry.

## O THAT'S THE DRINK FOR ME.

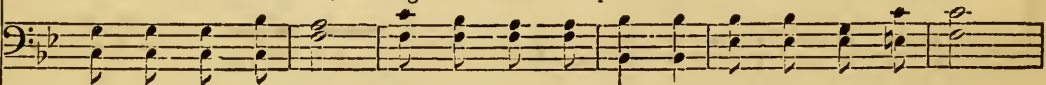
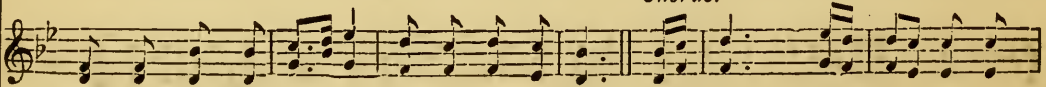
FRANZ.

*Lively.*

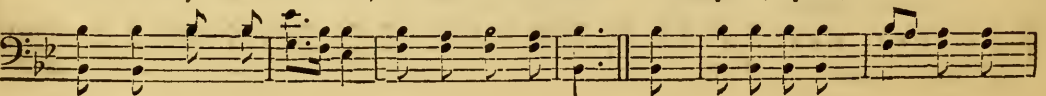
1. See the spark - ling wa - ter, Flow - ing now so free, Danc - ing down the hill-side,  
 2. See the seeth - ing wa - ter, White as o - cean's foam, As it mad - ly dash - es  
 3. Pure life - giv - ing wa - ter, Flow - ing free to all! In its depth no ser - pent



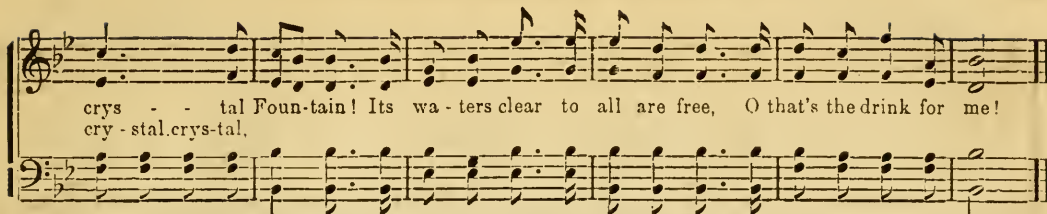
Wind - ing o'er the lea; Bring - ing health and vig - or To the toil - ing man,  
 From its moun-tain home; See it in the foun-tain, Bub-bling forth in glee,  
 Lurks to cause man's fall; Sing a - loud its prais - es O - ver land and sea;

*Chorus.*

Flash - ing in the sun - light, Free from poison's ban. The crys - tal foun - tain, The  
 Wend - ing down its path - way, To the o - pen sea.  
 Clear and crys - tal wa - ter, Is the drink for me. The crystal, crystal,





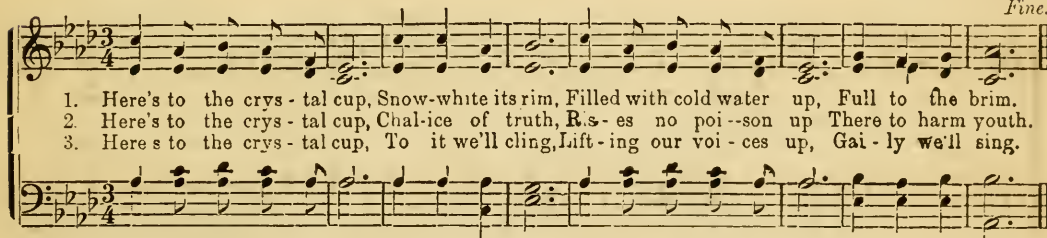


crys - - tal Foun-tain! Its wa - ters clear to all are free, O that's the drink for me!  
cry - stal.crys-tal,

## HERE'S TO THE CRYSTAL CUP.

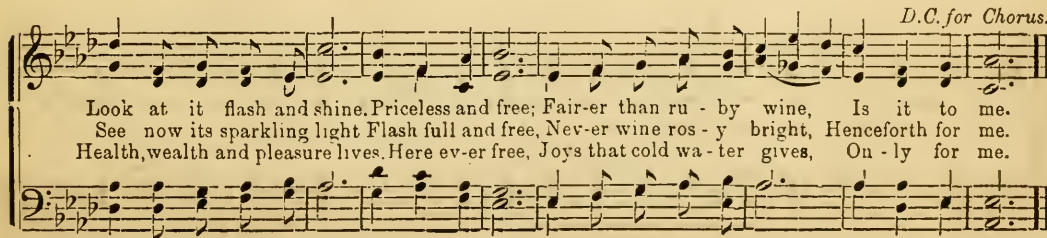
A. W. FRENCH.

W. T. GIFFE.

*Fine.*


1. Here's to the crys - tal cup, Snow-white its rim, Filled with cold water up, Full to the brim.
2. Here's to the crys - tal cup, Chal-ice of truth, Ris-es no poi-son up There to harm youth.
3. Here's to the crys - tal cup, To it we'll cling, Lift-ing our voi - ces up, Gai - ly we'll sing.

*D.C. Chorus.* Here's to the crys-tal cup. Cup pure and free, Fill it with nec-tar up, Give it to me.



*D.C. for Chorus.*

Look at it flash and shine. Priceless and free; Fair-er than ru - by wine, Is it to me.  
See now its sparkling light Flash full and free, Nev-er wine ros - y bright, Henceforth for me.  
Health, wealth and pleasure lives. Here ev-er free, Joys that cold wa - ter gives, On - ly for me.

## ANOTHER ONE.

JOHN McPHERSON.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. An - oth - er one has signed the pledge, An - oth - er heart made light. An - oth - er man from  
 2. Who'll be the next to don the blue, Who'll be a man a - gain? Who'll say at last "I'm  
 3. Oh nev - er drink, my friend a - gain, The cup that ru - ins you, But be a man, from

*Chorus.*

sin set free, An - oth - er house - hold bright.  
 free, I'm free, "Who'll from the cup ab - stain? An - oth - er one, Oh, let them come, There's  
 wine ab - stain, And don to - night the blue.

*Rit ad lib.*

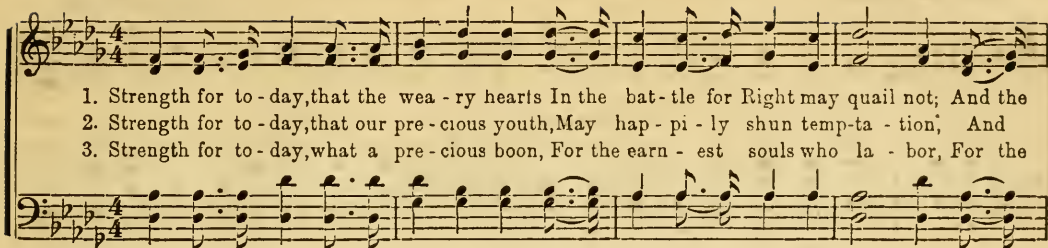
room for man - y more, Come take the pledge, 'twill do you good, O come, we now im - plore!

# STRENGTH FOR TO-DAY.

31

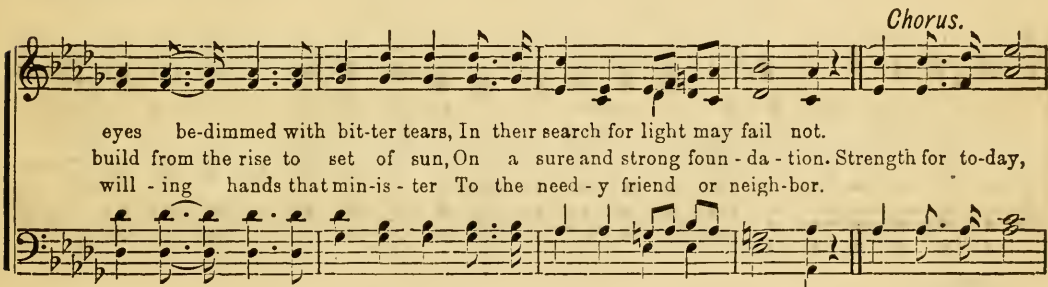
MRS. M. A. KIDDER

FRANK M. DAVIS.

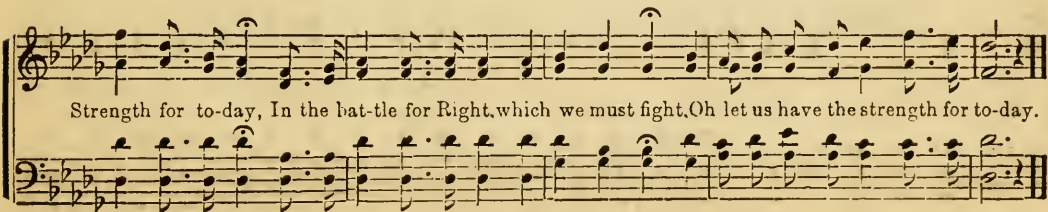


1. Strength for to-day, that the wea-ry hearts In the bat-tle for Right may quail not; And the  
 2. Strength for to-day, that our pre-cious youth, May hap-pi-ly shun temp-ta-tion; And  
 3. Strength for to-day, what a pre-cious boon, For the earn-est souls who la-bor, For the

*Chorus.*



eyes be-dimmed with bit-ter tears, In their search for light may fail not.  
 build from the rise to set of sun, On a sure and strong foun-da-tion. Strength for to-day,  
 will-ing hands that min-is-ter To the need-y friend or neigh-bor.



Strength for to-day, In the bat-tle for Right, which we must fight, Oh let us have the strength for to-day.

## COME JOIN IN OUR SONG.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

J. H. ROSECRANS

1. Come mer-ri - ly join in our Tem-per-ance song, To praise the sweet joys that our cause brings along. We'll  
 2. We're proud to be-long to the Tem-per-ance band, For here we're u - nit - ed in heart and in hand. We  
 3. Oh, come wou't you join in our Tem-per-ance throng, And with our grand army go marching along, There's

sing with glad voic-es a hap-py re-frain, Of cold wa-ter pledg-es a - gain and a - gain.  
 la - bor to-geth - er for good of the cause. And ev - er so hap-py o - bey - ing its laws.  
 sure - ly a welcome for one and for all, Then hast-en and an-swer the Tem - per-ance call.

*Chorus.*

Come, join . . . in our song, . . . To praise the sweet joys that our cause brings along, Come,  
 Come, join in our song, Come, join in our song,

join . . . in our song, . . . To praise the sweet joys that our cause brings a-long.  
 join in our song, Come. join in our song,

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. It features a melody with several long, flowing notes and rests. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

THERE IS A SAFE RETREAT.

F. M. D.

F. M. D.

1. Ban - ish the dead - ly cup, And have no fear; If strength fail thee, look up, God's help is near;  
 2. Shun, shun the cup of woe, While yet you may, Would you no sor - row know, Leave er-ror's way,  
 3. There is a safe re-treat, From ev - 'ry foe, Be - neath the mer - cy seat, Where all may go;

Tho' all seems dark as night, See there's a ray, From yon-der bea-con light, Bright, bright as day.  
 Go seek the shel't'ring rock, There's life for thee, Safe from the tempest's shock, Sweet rest for thee.  
 Ye who are dead in sin, Come while there's room, There's life for you within, Come, wand'rer, come.

The musical score for this section is divided into two parts. The first part, corresponding to the three verses, has a 4/4 time signature and a key signature of one flat. It features a melody in the upper staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff. The second part, corresponding to the concluding lines, has a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. It also features a melody in the upper staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff.



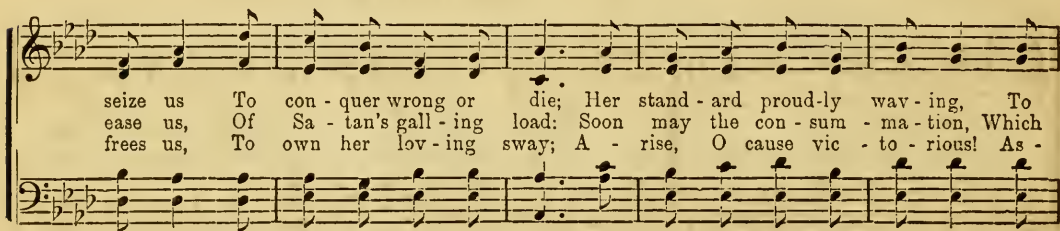
## RING OUT THE BATTLE CRY.

Rev. ROBERT KERR,

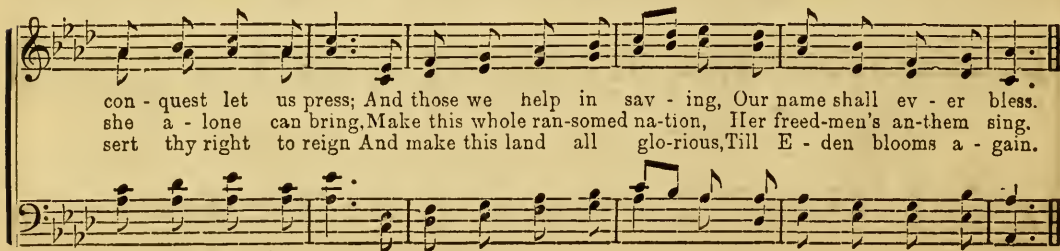
W. T. GIFFE.



1. Our Fath - er - land for Temp'rance, Ring out the bat - tle cry; Let in-spir - a - tion  
 2. Our Fath - er - land for Temp'rance! The land the pil-grims trod, Is hers who comes to  
 3. Our Fath - er - land for Temp'rance! All hail the hap-py day, When from Rum's chains she



seize us To con - quer wrong or die; Her stand - ard proud-ly way - ing, To  
 ease us, Of Sa - tan's gall - ing load: Soon may the con - sum - ma - tion, Which  
 frees us, To own her lov - ing sway; A - rise, O cause vic - to - rious! As -

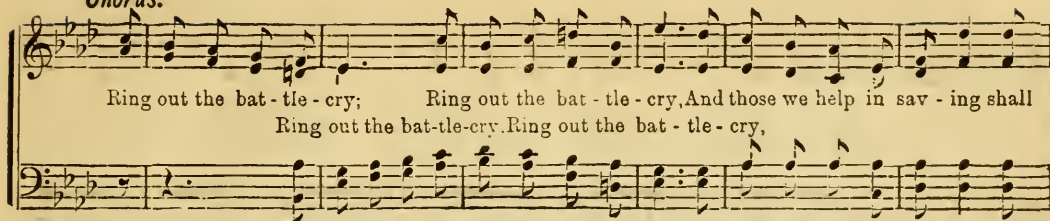


con - quest let us press; And those we help in sav - ing, Our name shall ev - er bless.  
 she a - lone can bring, Make this whole ran-somed na - tion, Her freed-men's an - them sing.  
 sert thy right to reign And make this land all glo - rious, Till E - den blooms a - gain.

# RING OUT THE BATTLE CRY.—Concluded.

35

## Chorus.

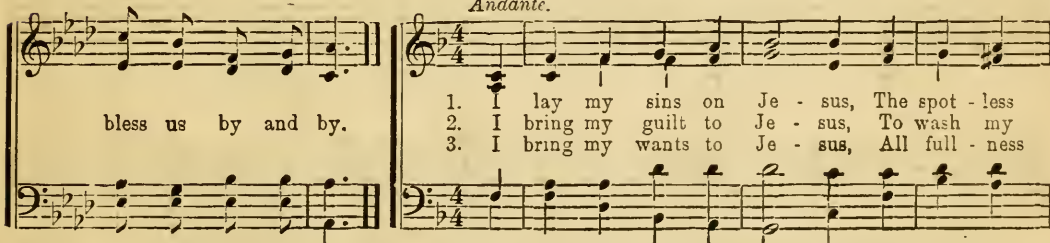


Ring out the bat - tle - cry;      Ring out the bat - tle - cry, And those we help in sav - ing shall  
Ring out the bat - tle - cry. Ring out the bat - tle - cry,

## ALTOONA. 7s & 6s.

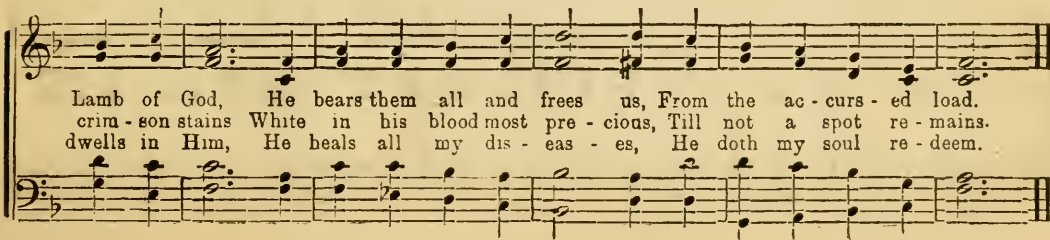
J. H. LESLIE.

### Andante.



bless us by and by.

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less
2. I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my
3. I bring my wants to Je - sus, All full - ness

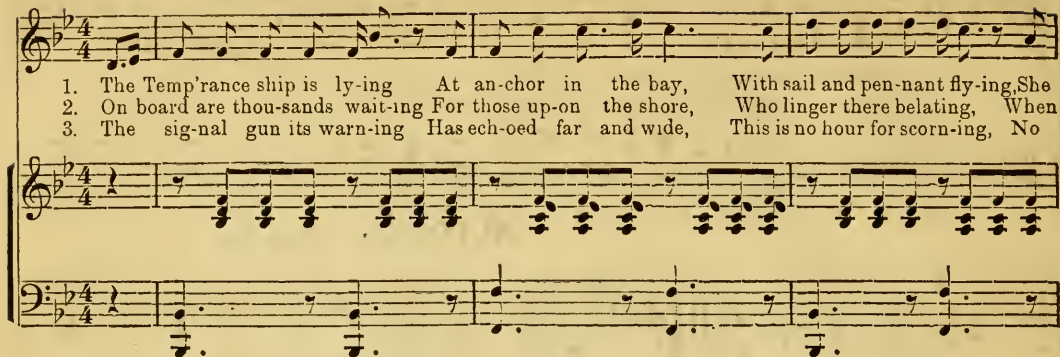


Lamb of God, He bears them all and frees us, From the ac - curs - ed load.  
crim - son stains White in his blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.  
dwells in Him, He heals all my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem.

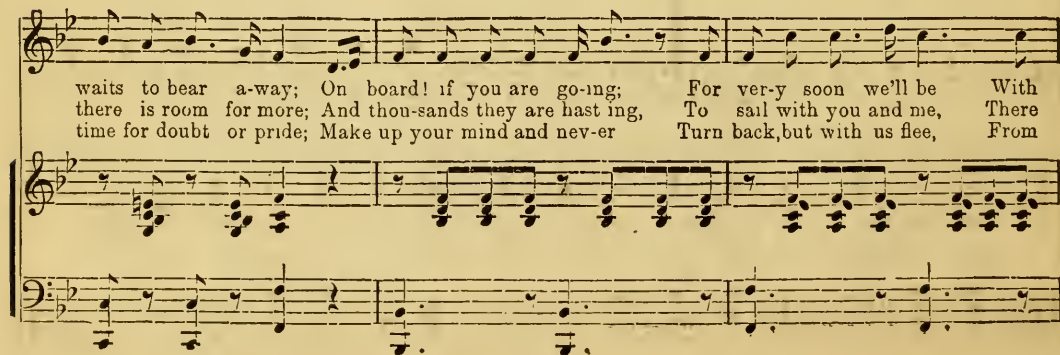
## STANDING OUT TO SEA.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH,

FRANK M. DAVIS,



1. The Temp'rance ship is ly-ing At an-chor in the bay, With sail and pen-nant fly-ing, She  
 2. On board are thou-sands wait-ing For those up-on the shore, Who linger there belating, When  
 3. The sig-nal gun its warn-ing Has ech-oed far and wide, This is no hour for scorn-ing, No



waits to bear a-way; On board! if you are go-ing; For ver-y soon we'll be With  
 there is room for more; And thou-sands they are hast ing, To sail with you and me, There  
 time for doubt or pride; Make up your mind and nev-er Turn back, but with us flee, From



*Chorus.*

balm-y breez-es blow-ing, A stand-ing out to sea.  
 is no time for wait-ing, Ere stand-ing out to sea. The Temp'rance ship is sail-ing, The  
 sin and vice for - ev - er, A stand-ing out to sea.

The Temp'rance ship is sail-ing, The

breeze blows fast and free, Ye ho! ye ho! a-way we go, A stand-ing out to sea.

breeze blows fast and free, Ye ho! ye ho! a-way we go, A stand-ing out to sea.

## TARRY NOT LONG AT THE WINE.

MRS. MARY E. KAIL.

J. H. LESLIE.

*Con Spirito.*

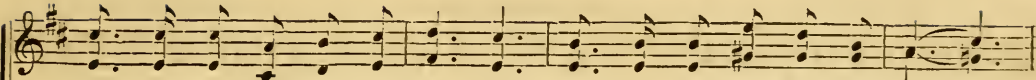
1. Grand - ly our ar - mies are ris - ing, Ris - ing all o - ver the land;  
 2. Deep in the ter - ri - ble wine - cup, Un - der its ven - om - ous flow,  
 3. Ye who are tempt - ed and fal - len, Look to the Sa - vior a - bove,

Wel - come the peo - ple are shout - ing, Wel - come the tem - per - ance band;  
 Mis - er - y lurks like a de - mon, Plot - ting dis - as - ter and woe;  
 Turn from your sin and find shel - ter Un - der the ban - ner of love;

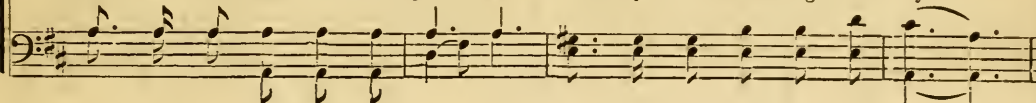
Send the glad news on the breez - es, While we go march - ing a - long,  
 Wo - men and chil - dren are weep - ing, Weep - ing in sor - row and pain,  
 Turn from dis - grace and the wine - cup, Bid them for - ev - er a - dieu,

# TARRY NOT LONG AT THE WINE.—Concluded.

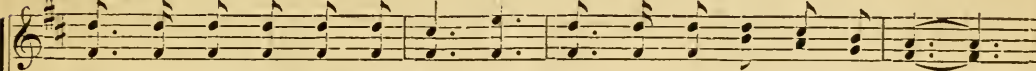
39



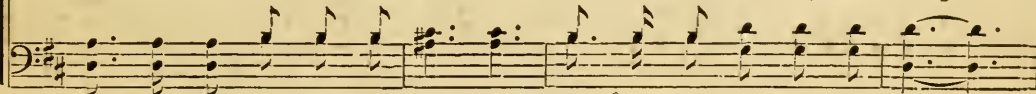
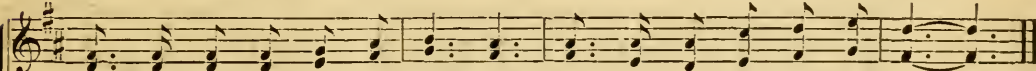
Riv - ers and moun-tains and val - leys Ech - o the tem - per - ance song.  
 Pit - y the voice of their plead - ing, Let them not suf - fer in vain.  
 Plac - es of hon - or and prof - it, Sure - ly are wait - ing for you.



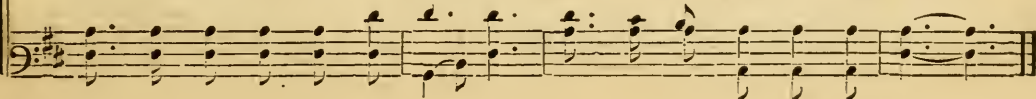
## *Chorus.*



Tar - ry not long at the wine - cup, Though it be spark - ling and bright;

Death and de - struc - tion are hid - den Un - der its with - er - ing blight.

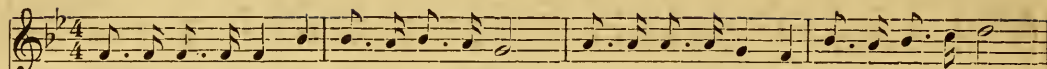


## SIGNAL FOR A PILOT

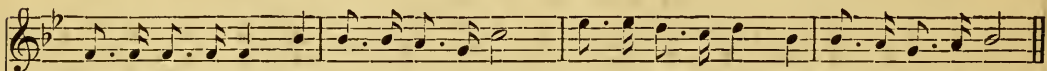
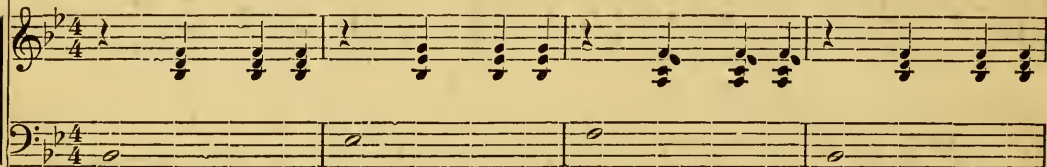
ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

(Solo and Chorus.)

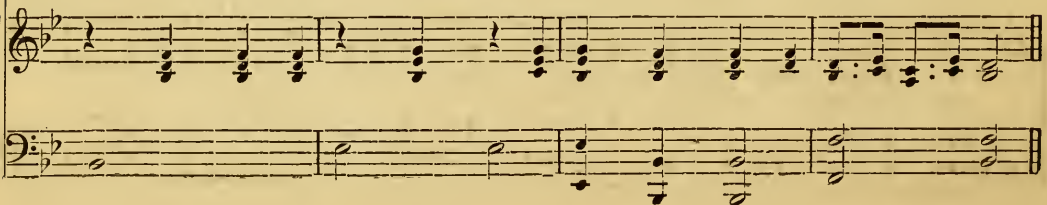
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Sailing o'er life's ocean, Where the storms prevail, Tho' the good ship weathers Every passing gale,
2. Skies of blue above you, May seem bright and fair, Softest breezes blowing Round your pathway there,
3. In the night and darkness, You may lose the way, And the lights you trusted Send no guiding ray,



There are rocks and dangers All a-long the shore, Bars and reefs and breakers Near you ev - er-more.  
 Soon you on the bil - lows May be tempest-toss'd. And before the morn-ing Wreck'd and ever lost.  
 Do not grow discouraged Tho' the waves o'erwhelm Thro' the raging tempest, Cling un-to the helm.



*Chorus.*

Sig - nal for a pi - lot, hail him from a - far, He will guide you safe - ly by each reef and bar;

He will come to help you, Ere it be too late, Sig - nal for a pi - lot, Je - sus will a - wait.

## NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to thee,  
 E'en though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me;  
 Still all my song shall be  
 ||: Nearer, my God, to Thee; :||  
 Nearer to Thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,  
 Daylight all gone,  
 Darkness be over me.  
 My rest a stone;  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be  
 ||: Nearer, my God, to Thee; :||  
 Nearer to Thee!

3 Or, if on joyful wing,  
 Cleaving the sky,  
 Sun, moon, and stars forget,  
 Upward I fly;  
 Still all my song shall be—  
 ||: Nearer, my God, to Thee; :||  
 Nearer to Thee!



## FILL UP THE CUP.

MARIA STRAUB.

S. W. STRAUB.

1. Thirs - ty flow - er, hark the sound, Rain-drops fall-ing on the ground, Raise thy head and  
 2. All thy fresh-ness now re-gain, With the beau-teous fall-ing rain; 'Tis not for the  
 3. Droop-ing flow - er, bless - ings free, Fall a - round us you and me, Free - ly take the

*Chorus,*

lift thy cup, With the rain-drops fill it up.  
 grass a-lone, Take the bless-ing as thine own. Droop-ing flow - er. heed thy call,  
 heav-enly dowl'r Faint-ing heart and droop-ing flow'r.

Lift thy cup, hold it up, Catch the bless-ings as they fall, Lift thy cup, fill it up.

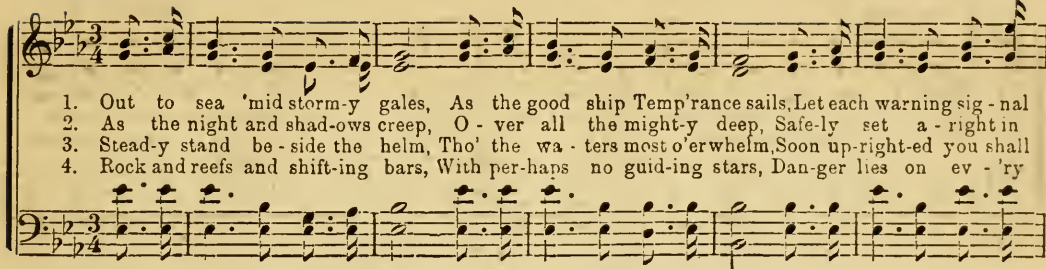


## FLASH THE TOPLIGHTS.

43

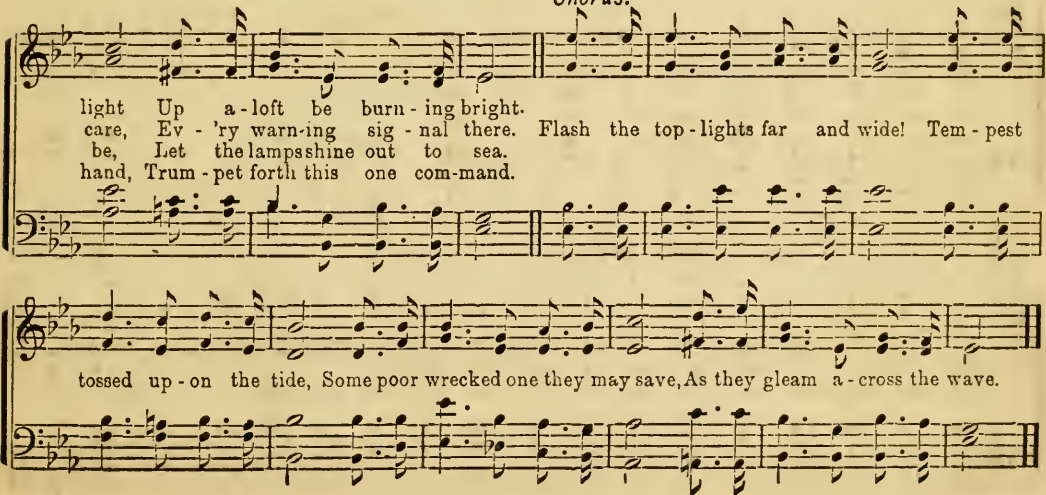
ARTHUR V. FRENCH.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Out to sea 'mid storm-y gales, As the good ship Temp'rance sails, Let each warning sig-nal  
 2. As the night and shad-ows creep, O-ver all the might-y deep, Safe-ly set a-right in  
 3. Stead-y stand be-side the helm, Tho' the wa-ters most o'erwhelm, Soon up-right-ed you shall  
 4. Rock and reefs and shift-ing bars, With per-haps no guid-ing stars, Dan-ger lies on ev-'ry

## Chorus.



light Up a-loft be burn-ing bright.  
 care, Ev-'ry warn-ing sig-nal there. Flash the top-lights far and wide! Tem-pest  
 be, Let the lamp-shine out to sea.  
 hand, Trum-pet forth this one com-mand.

tossed up-on the tide, Some poor wrecked one they may save, As they gleam a-cross the wave.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Now's the time, be up and do - ing, Work a - way, work a - way; Still the no - ble cause pur -  
 2. La - bor on with firm en - deav - or, Don't des - pair, don't des - pair; From your purpose wav - er  
 3. Though the clouds around you lin - ger, They will fly, they will fly; Hope still points with earnest

su - ing Night and day, night and day; Do not fal - ter, keep a - long, Right shall  
 nev - er, Have a care, have a care; Crush the wrong and raise the Right, In the  
 fin - ger To the sky, to the sky; From a - bove must come your aid; He that

tri - umph o - ver wrong. This the bur - den of your song. Clear the way, clear the way.  
 thick - est of the fight, Bat - tle on in faith and might, Ev - 'rywhere, ev - 'rywhere.  
 well all things hath made, Will re - ward, be not a - fraid, By and by, by and by.

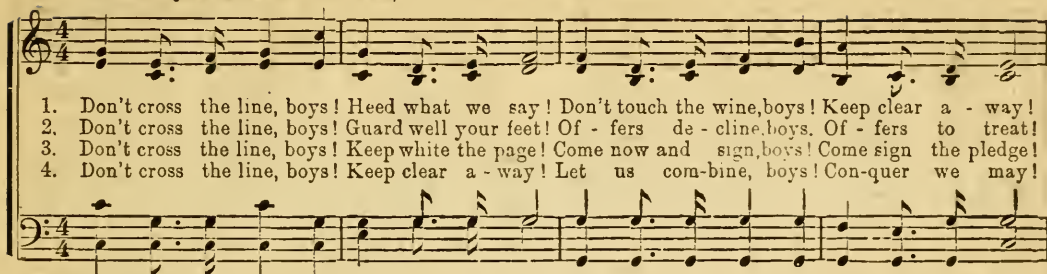
# DON'T CROSS THE LINE, BOYS!

45

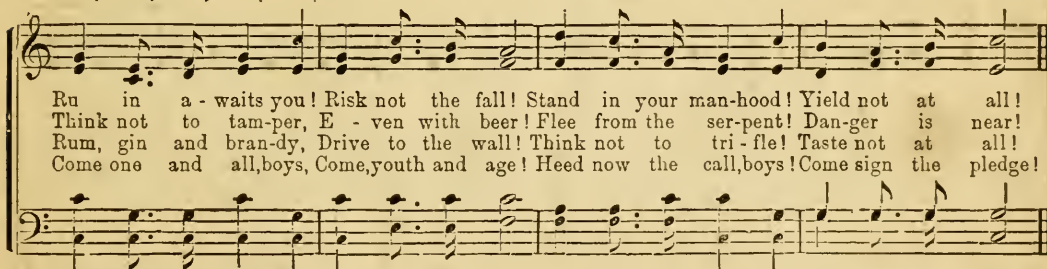
E. R. LATTA.  
Solo or Quartette, with Chorus,

Inscribed to N. FENNER, Esq. Edgarwood, Iowa.

J. H. LESLIE.

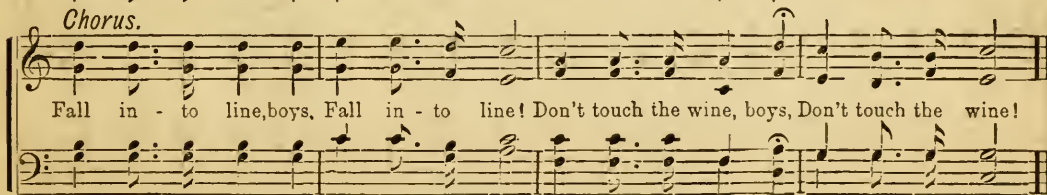


1. Don't cross the line, boys! Heed what we say! Don't touch the wine, boys! Keep clear a - way!  
2. Don't cross the line, boys! Guard well your feet! Of - fers de - cline, boys. Of - fers to treat!  
3. Don't cross the line, boys! Keep white the page! Come now and sign, boys! Come sign the pledge!  
4. Don't cross the line, boys! Keep clear a - way! Let us com-bine, boys! Con-quer we may!



Ru in a - waits you! Risk not the fall! Stand in your man-hood! Yield not at all!  
Think not to tam-per, E - ven with beer! Flee from the ser-pent! Dan-ger is near!  
Rum, gin and bran-dy, Drive to the wall! Think not to tri - fle! Taste not at all!  
Come one and all, boys, Come, youth and age! Heed now the call, boys! Come sign the pledge!

*Chorus.*



Fall in - to line, boys, Fall in - to line! Don't touch the wine, boys, Don't touch the wine!

## THE FIRST SOCIAL GLASS.

VIOLET E. KING.

(Solo or Duet and Chorus.)

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. In a bright home re-splend-ent with beau-ty, Were gath-ered the young and the fair, But  
 2. His path-way to fame had been lead-ing, His hopes for the fu-ture were fair, Tho'  
 3. He drank un-til rea-son was cloud-ed, And ev-ry bright prospect had fled, The

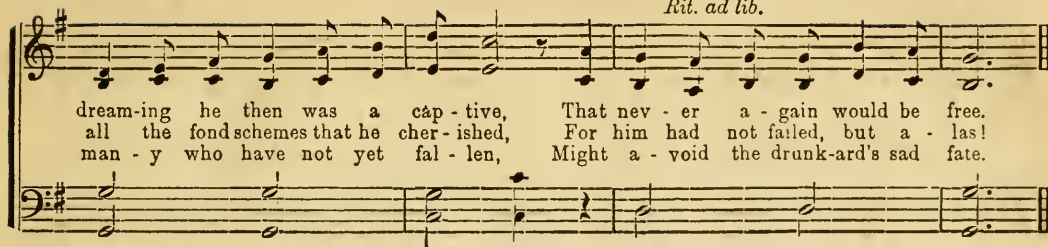
'mid all the glit-ter-ing splen-dor, Temp-ta-tion was of-fered; and there He  
 no-ble and high was his pur-pose, He fell in in-i-qui-ty's snare; Ah,  
 fu-ture for him gave no prom-ise, For dark was the life that he led, Oh,

drank the first glass, lit-tle think-ing That ev-er a drunk-ard he'd be Ne'er  
 if he had on-ly re-sist-ed When chal-lenged to take the first glass, Then  
 if ev-ry one would take warn-ing, Ere yet 'tis for-ev-er too late, Then

# THE FIRST SOCIAL GLASS.—Concluded.

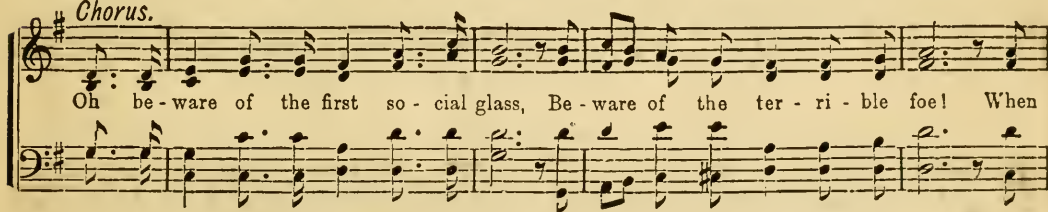
47

*Rit. ad lib.*



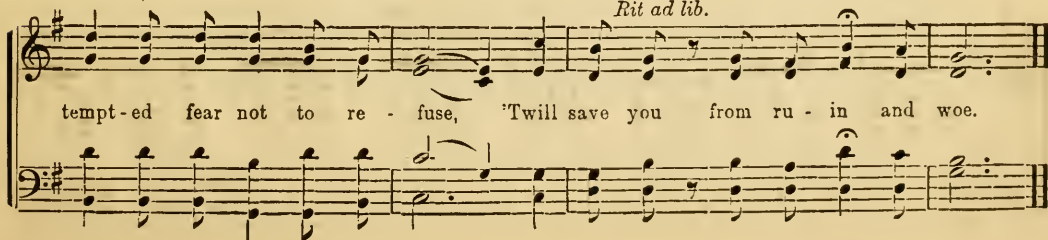
dream-ing he then was a cap-tive, That nev-er a-gain would be free.  
all the fond schemes that he cher-ished, For him had not failed, but a-las!  
man-y who have not yet fal-len, Might a-void the drunk-ard's sad fate.

*Chorus.*



Oh be-ware of the first so-cial glass, Be-ware of the ter-ri-ble foe! When

*Rit ad lib.*



tempt-ed fear not to re-fuse, 'Twill save you from ru-in and woe.



## CRUSADE SONG.

E. R. LATTA,

*Andante.*

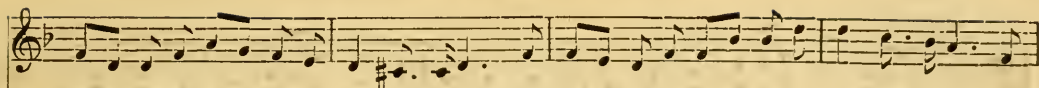
(Solo and Chorus.)

J. H. LESLIE.

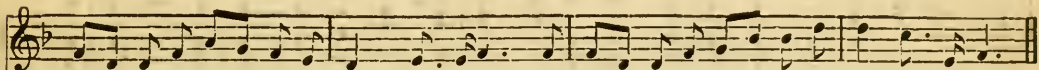
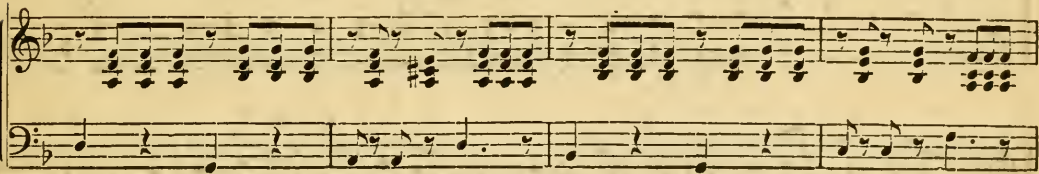
1. Oh! rum-sel-ler, do you re-mem-ber the day, When kneel-ing in front of your dog-ger-y door, Those  
 2. Oh! rum-sel-ler, have you for-got-ten it now, The prom-ise you made that you then would re-frain? Or  
 3. Oh! rum-sel-ler, heed-less of wom-an-ly tears, Of fer-vent pe-ti-tions in front of your door! Re -

sor - row-ful wom - en u - nit - ed to pray, That you might per - sist in the traf-fic no more? There  
 did you, re - fus - ing to ut - ter the vow, Thus add a new pang to their sor-row and pain? Oh,  
 mem-ber Je - hov - ah each or - i-son hears, And each burn-ing tear-drop he keep-eth in store; And

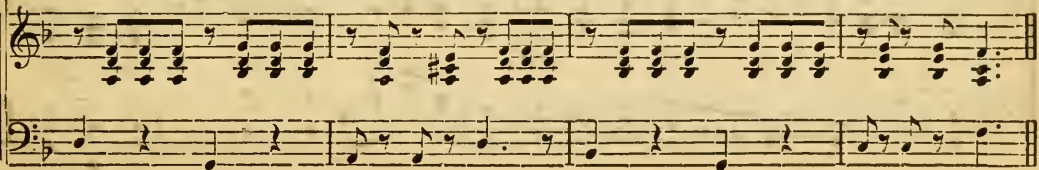




moth - er and sis-ter o'er-burd-en'd with woe, And wives with an an-guish that can-not be told; From  
earn - est cru-sa-der not vain was your task ! 'Twas not un-a - vail-ing to pray and en-treat; For  
they in the judg-ment a-against thee shall use, With hag-gard-ly vic-tims, in fear-ful ar-ray; Then



dear ones, be-sought you out there in the snow? That you would the cup and its poi-son with-hold.  
rum-sel-lers shiv-er'd the bar - rel and cask. And emp-tied the poi-son out in - to the street.  
what wilt thou an-swer the Judge of the skies, When hope-less per - di - tion thy crimes shall re-pay.



*Chorus.*

Oh rum-sel-ler, can you those plead-ings for-get, Of wom-en in win-ter knelt down to im-plore? The

The first system of the chorus features a treble and bass staff in G major. The treble staff has a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

hearts that were bleed-ing, The eyes that were wet, The pray'rs that were of-fered in front of your door.

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system, ending with a double bar line. The treble staff continues with the vocal line, and the bass staff continues with the accompaniment.

*Interlude.*

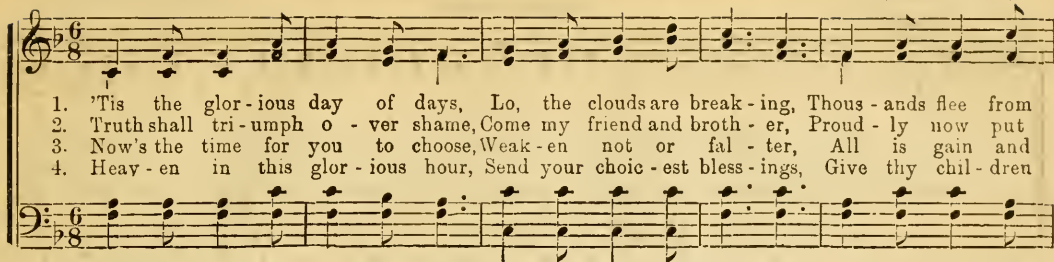
The interlude consists of two systems of musical notation. The first system shows a treble staff with a melodic line and a bass staff with a rhythmic accompaniment. The second system continues the interlude, featuring a key signature change to one sharp (F#) in the bass staff.

# WHO'LL RESIGN THE RUBY WINE?

51

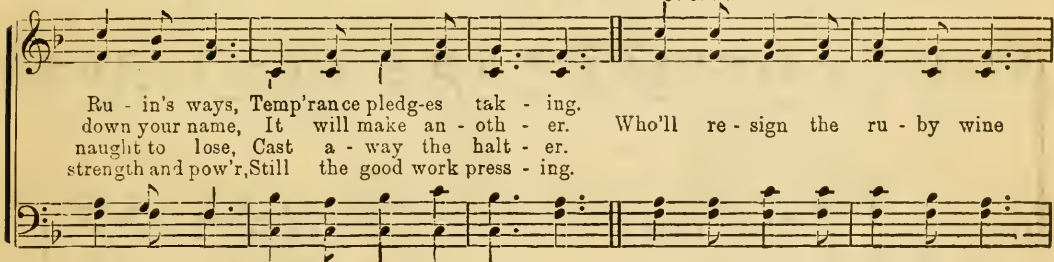
ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

W. H. BURGETT.



1. 'Tis the glor-ious day of days, Lo, the clouds are break-ing, Thous-ands flee from  
 2. Truth shall tri-umph o-ver shame, Come my friend and broth-er, Proud-ly now put  
 3. Now's the time for you to choose, Weak-en not or fal-ter, All is gain and  
 4. Heav-en in this glor-ious hour, Send your choic-est bless-ings, Give thy chil-dren

## Chorus.



Ru-in's ways, Temp'rance pledg-es tak-ing.  
 down your name, It will make an-oth-er. Who'll re-sign the ru-by wine  
 naught to lose, Cast a-way the halt-er.  
 strength and pow'r, Still the good work press-ing.



Who will dare for-sake it? God be praised your hands are raised, This is the pledge, come and take it.

## BETTER TIMES ARE COMING.

J. R. WALLACE.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

(For Male Voices.)

*Vigorously.*

1. Here we are an earn-est throng, Bound to save the na-tion, Stur-dy sire and gal-lant son,  
 2. From the workshop and the farm We have come to la-bor, From the grasp of gi-ant Rum,  
 3. Ours the task to save the land, From the reign of Bac-chus; Ours the nerve and stead-y hand,  
 4. Soon the hap-py day will come, Ev-en now 'tis dawn-ing, When the Right shall conquer Wrong,

*Chorus.*

Men of ev-'ry sta-tion.  
 We will save our neighbor. Bet-ter times are com-ing, boys, Bet-ter times are com-ing,  
 When his friends at-tack us.  
 In the good time com-ing.

*For last verse ad lib., or every verse.*

Cheer the flag and swell the cho-rus, Bet-ter times are com-ing, Bet-ter times are com-ing, com-ing,

*Rit ad lib.*

Bet-ter times are com-ing, com-ing, Cheer the flag and swell the cho-rus, Bet-ter times are coming.

This block contains the musical notation for the second part of the song 'Better Times Are Coming'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staffs. The piece concludes with a 'Rit ad lib.' (Ritardando ad libitum) marking.

## GOD SPEED THE DAY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. God speed the day when all man-kind, In Tem-per - ance shall dwell, And in its wondrous  
 2. Throughout the world from sea to sea, Stretch forth, oh God, thy hand, And let the light that  
 3. Let truth and right prevail to - day, While this the song we raise; Thine be the hon - or,

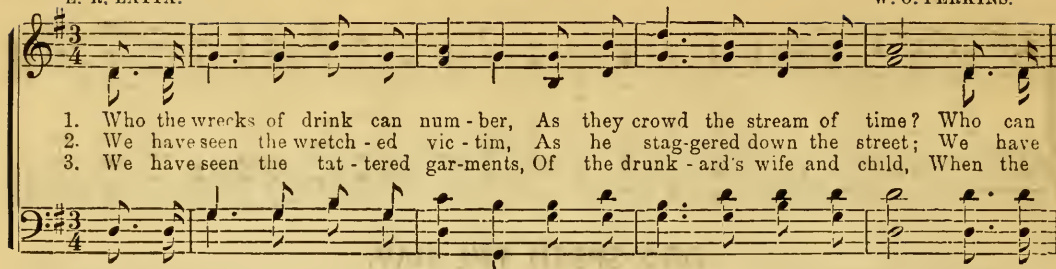
bless - ings find, The joys no lips can tell, The joys no lips can tell.  
 makes men free, Fall in our fa - vored land, Fall in our fa - vored land.  
 pow'r al - way, In glo - ry and in praise, In glo - ry and in praise.

This block contains the musical notation for the hymn 'God Speed the Day'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the staffs. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the bass staff.

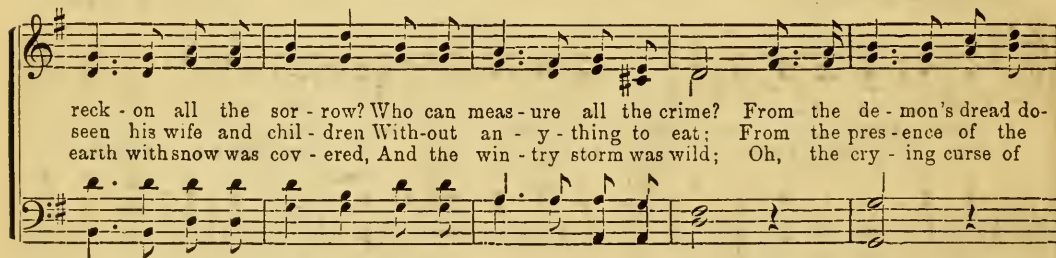


E. R. LATTA.

W. O. PERKINS.



1. Who the wrecks of drink can num-ber, As they crowd the stream of time? Who can  
 2. We have seen the wretch-ed vic-tim, As he stag-gered down the street; We have  
 3. We have seen the tat-tered gar-ments, Of the drunk-ard's wife and child, When the



reck-on all the sor-row? Who can meas-ure all the crime? From the de-mon's dread do-  
 seen his wife and chil-dren With-out an-y-thing to eat; From the pres-ence of the  
 earth with snow was cov-ered, And the win-try storm was wild; Oh, the cry-ing curse of



min-ion Let us ev-er-more be free! "To-tal ab-sti-nence for-ev-er," This our  
 mon-ster, Friends and brothers, let us flee! "To-tal ab-sti-nence for-ev-er," This our  
 li-quir! Oh, the shame and mis-er-y! "To-tal ab-sti-nence for-ev-er," This our

mot - to still shall be, "To - tal ab - sti - nence for - ev - er," This our mot - to still shall be.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The music is a simple, rhythmic tune with a steady beat.

## GOD IS WITH HIS PEOPLE.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN

Arranged from one of the Freedmen's  
melodies by F. M. D.

*Chorus.*

1. The hosts of sin are ver - y strong, And yet the bat - tle will not be long.  
2. Fill up the ranks in close ar - ray, And press the battle for God to - day. For God is with His  
3. Up - lift the standard, take the sign, And pass the watchword along the line.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The music is a simple, rhythmic tune with a steady beat.

peo - ple, For God is with His peo - ple, For God is with His peo - ple, To give them the vic - to - ry.

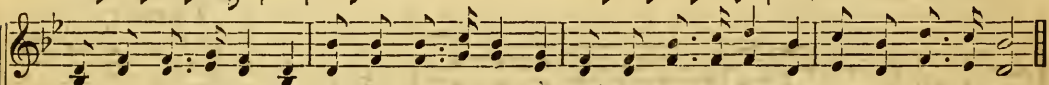
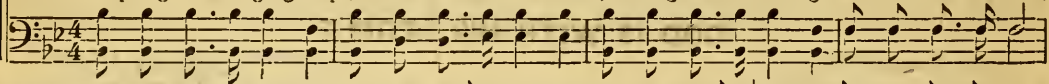
The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb). The melody is written in the upper staff, and the accompaniment is in the lower staff. The music is a simple, rhythmic tune with a steady beat.

E. R. LATTA.  
*Allegretto.*

GEO. A. MINOR.



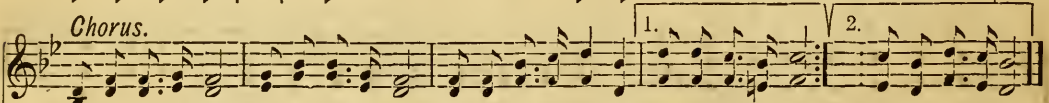
1. Scat-ter-ing in pa-tience, waiting for the growing, Wait-ing for the ear-ly and the lat-ter rain,
2. Com-ing to the res-cue, hear the hosts advancing, Com-ing o-ver moun-tain, com-ing over plain,
3. Suf-fer-ings of children, and the mother's sorrow, Weep-ing wife's entreaties, ut-tered all in vain,
4. Res-cu-ing the drunkard in the gut-ter ly-ing, Rous-ing up his man-hood, tear-ing off the chains,
5. Wip-ing out the grog-shops, where the demon dwelleth, Let-ting not a vest-ige of the curse re-main,



All our care and la-bor will-ing-ly bestow-ing, Know-ing we shall sure-ly gath-er in the grain.  
Lo, the tem-prance workers with their sickles gleam-ing, They have come to help us gath-er in the grain.  
These shall all be right-ed, in the bright-to-mor-row, As the Tem-prance reapers gather in the grain.  
Com-fort and as-sist-ance will-ing-ly supply-ing, Thus the faith-ful reapers gath-er in the grain.  
This, our no-ble mot-to, vic-to-ry fore-telleth, Courage, no-ble reapers, gath-er in the grain.



*Chorus.*



Gar-ner-ing the grain, Gar-ner-ing the grain, Reaping down the harvest, Gar-ner-ing the grain, (Omit.).....  
Gar-ner-ing the grain, Gar-ner-ing the grain, Reaping down the harvest, (Omit.)..... Yes, garnering the grain.



# THAT IS SO.

57

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

(For Male Voices.)

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. We used to drink the sparkling wine, That is so, that is so, We thought it tast-ed ver - y fine,  
 2. In festive hours the glass went round, That is so, that is so, Our heads went too with jump and bound,  
 3. We drank to cure some fancied pain, That is so, that is so, And sometimes it was but Champagne,  
 4. No more we taste the sparkling wine, That is so, that is so, We've sworn its fol-lies to re-sign,

That is so, that is so; We proud-ly fill'd and lift-ed up Un - to our lips the ru - by cup. How  
 That is so, that is so; Our tongues wagged too in merry talk We could not if we had to walk Quite  
 That is so, that is so; We quaff'd the nec-tar ev-ery-where To ban-ish from our hearts each care. How  
 That is so, that is so; We care not now for fool-ish pride With wa-ter we are sat - is - fied, Hence

fool - ish we such stuff to sup, That is so, that is so, That is so.  
 straight up-on a line of chalk, That is so, that is so, That is so.  
 strange that we such thoughts could share, That is so, that is so, That is so.  
 forth we cast all else a - side, That is so, that is so, That is so.

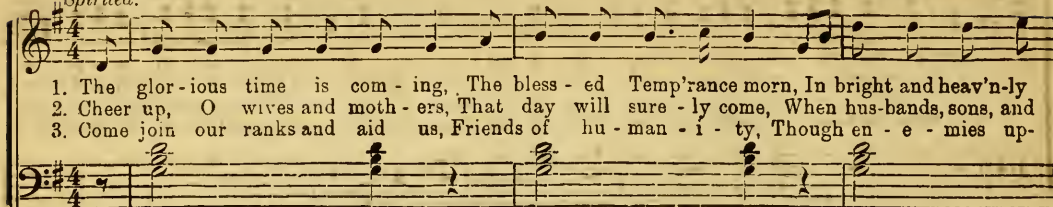


## WE'LL GAIN THE DAY AT LAST.

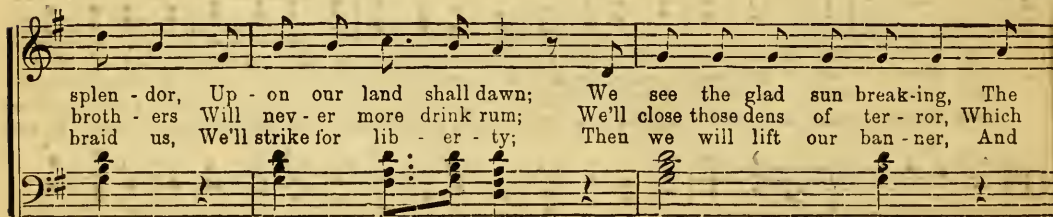
Dedicated to Francis Murphy, Col. Caldwell, Capt. Sturdevant, E. Robinson and others, by Mr. and Mrs Wilson.  
MRS. EMMA GATES CONKLING.

W. WARREN BENTLEY.

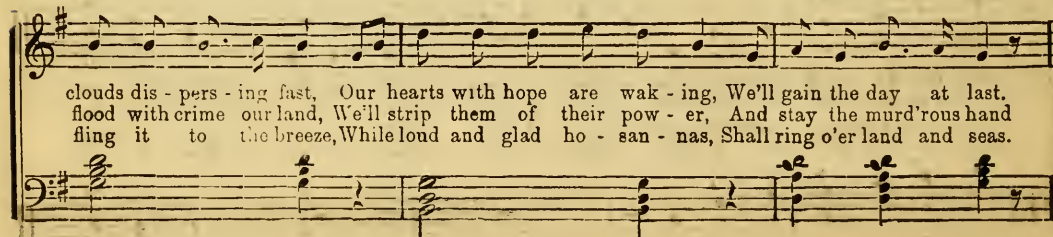
*Spirited.*



1. The glor - ious time is com - ing, The bless - ed Temp'rance morn, In bright and heav'n-ly  
2. Cheer up, O wives and moth - ers, That day will sure - ly come, When hus - bands, sons, and  
3. Come join our ranks and aid us, Friends of hu - man - i - ty, Though en - e - mies up -

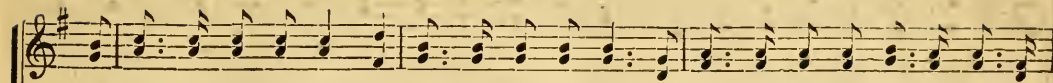


splen - dor, Up - on our land shall dawn; We see the glad sun break - ing, The  
broth - ers Will nev - er more drink rum; We'll close those dens of ter - ror, Which  
braid us, We'll strike for lib - er - ty; Then we will lift our ban - ner, And

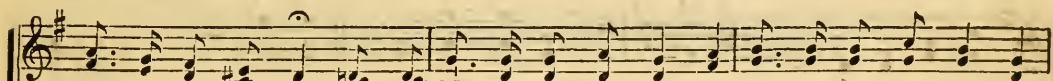


clouds dis - pers - ing fast, Our hearts with hope are wak - ing, We'll gain the day at last.  
flood with crime our land, We'll strip them of their pow - er, And stay the murd'rous hand  
fling it to the breeze, While loud and glad ho - san - nas, Shall ring o'er land and seas.

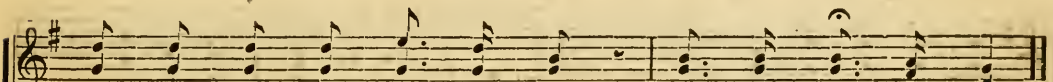


*Chorus.*

We'll gain the day at last, yes! gain the day at last, King Al - co - hol shall sure - ly fall, We'll



chain the de - mon fast, Yes we'll chain the de - mon fast, friends, Chain the de - mon fast, And



then we'll shout The world through-out, Vic - to - ry at last.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

J. W. SUFFERN.

1. Long the world has slept un-heed - ing, Rum's dark spell a - bout is cast, But the  
 2. Night and darkness can-not lin - ger, Where the Temp'rance sun-beams stray, For the  
 3. Ye who've quaffed the cup of sor - row, To the dregs of woe and pain, Look to  
 4. Then re-joice, each son and daugh - ter, Let this song of tri - umph ring, Hail the

Chorus, Light a - head,.....

glor-ious time is speed - ing, Soon their slav - 'ry shall be past.  
 touch of each bright fin - ger, Bids the shad - ows roll a - way.  
 God, fresh courage bor - row, There is life and hope a - gain.  
 vic-t'ry of cold wat - er O - ver Rum, no long - er King.

Light a -

Light a-head,

head, the clouds are break - ing, Now the prom - ised day has come.  
 Light a - head, Now the promised day has come.  
 the day has come.

# **LIGHT AHEAD.—Concluded.**

61

Cast a - side . . . . . the yoke of Rum.

When the world from sleep a - wak - ing, Cast a - side cast a - side the yoke of Rum

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It contains a melody with various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes.

## **TIE ON THE RED RIBBON.**

G. D. HILL.  
*March Time.*

G. P. WRIGHT.

1. Tie on the Red Rib-bon, And "Dare to do right" Just o-ver your heart and in ev-ery ones sight, Oh  
2. Tie on the Red Rib-bon, Your manhood arouse, Young men who have join'd in the midnight carouse, It is  
3. Tie on the Red Rib-bon, Oh, let it re-main, And swear to your Ma-ker that you will abstain. And for-

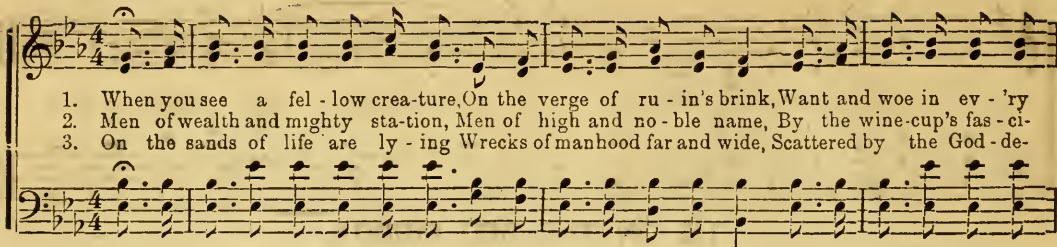
be not ashamed to break loose from the chain, That dis-ordered your bod-y, And cloud-ed your brain.  
nev - er too late to re-pent of your wrong, Let your mothers be-hold what They've pray'd for so long.  
ev - er re-frain from the cup that en-slaves, The foul cup that leads thousands to fill drunk-ard's graves.

The musical score is in 4/4 time and features a key signature of one sharp (F#). It is divided into three systems. The first system contains the first three lines of the song, each with a different melody. The second system contains the chorus, which is repeated three times. The third system contains the final line of the song. The score is written for two staves, with the top staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves, with some words aligned under specific notes.

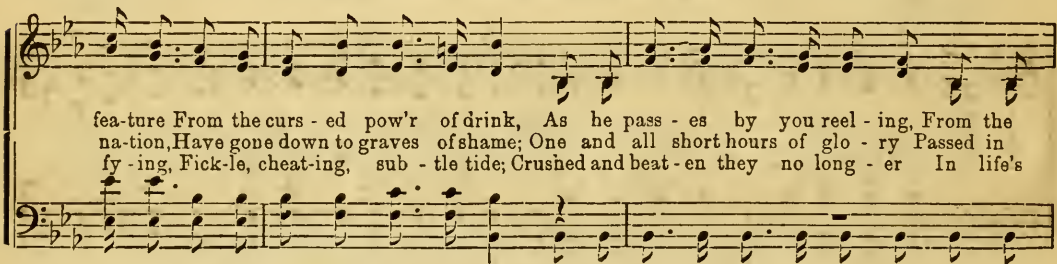
## TAKE THE LESSON TO YOUR HEART.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.  
*Mod. staccato.*

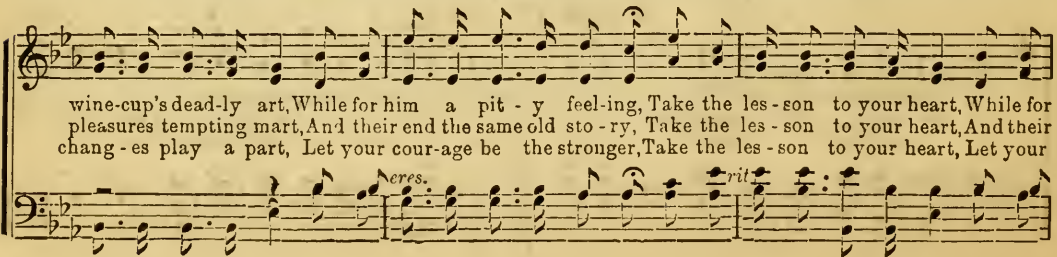
A. J. ABBEY.



1. When you see a fel - low crea - ture, On the verge of ru - in's brink, Want and woe in ev - 'ry  
 2. Men of wealth and mighty sta - tion, Men of high and no - ble name, By the wine - cup's fas - ci -  
 3. On the sands of life are ly - ing Wrecks of manhood far and wide, Scattered by the God - de -



fea - ture From the curs - ed pow'r of drink, As he pass - es by you reel - ing, From the  
 na - tion, Have gone down to graves of shame; One and all short hours of glo - ry Passed in  
 fy - ing, Fick - le, cheat - ing, sub - tle tide; Crushed and beat - en they no long - er In life's



wine - cup's dead - ly art, While for him a pit - y feel - ing, Take the les - son to your heart, While for  
 pleasures tempting mart, And their end the same old sto - ry, Take the les - son to your heart, And their  
 chang - es play a part, Let your cour - age be the stronger, Take the les - son to your heart, Let your

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass staff. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The score includes a chorus section marked 'Chorus' and a 'rit.' (ritardando) section. The lyrics are: 'him a pit - y feeling. Take the les - son to your heart. end the same old sto - ry, Take the les - son to your heart. Learn to touch the wine-cup nev - er, cour-age be the stronger, Take the les - son to your heart. From it as from death de-part. Once you're lost you're lost forev - er, Take the les - son to your heart.'

## BACK TO BACK.

(Tune: "Hold the Fort.")

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

1. See the enemy advancing,  
Hither lies his track,  
Then to arms and let us meet him,  
Standing back to back.

*Chorus.*—Back to back, stand firm and steady,  
Waiting for the blow,  
Yielding not an inch, be ready,  
Hither comes the foe.

2. In the tumult of the conflict,  
Never courage lack,  
Keep your posts and wait the struggle,  
Standing back to back.
3. Keep together, don't be frightened,  
By the first attack;  
Strike for God and strike to conquer,  
Standing back to back.



ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. By the way-side as we go, On life's jour-ney to and fro, Man-y wea-ry, weak and fal-len  
 2. In their journey's ear-ly hours, They perhaps found earliest flowers, Blossoming so sweet-ly all a-  
 3. They found many hills to climb, On the bus-y road of time; And perchance dis-cour-aged with their  
 4. Let us then do all we can To lift up each fal-len man, Help them both in word and deed no

ones we meet, In the path that they have trod, They for-sook their all and God, And in  
 long the way, But they wan-dered far and long, In the paths of sin and wrong, Till the  
 end-less cares, They gave up to ev-'ry blow, Sink-ing down to grief and woe, And their  
 mat-ter when, To the paths of life so bright, We may turn their steps a-right, And they

*Chorus.*

ways of trou-ble went their care-less feet.  
 win-ter came to take the place of May. Do not chide them, -rath-er guide them As you  
 feet were quickly tang-led in the snares.  
 then may tru-ly honored be of men.

pass them to and fro, Speak to cheer them, lin - ger near them. By the way-side as you go.

NO HOME OR NOTHING.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

(Base or Alto Solo with Chorus.)

FRANK M. DAVIS.

*Slow with expression.*

*rit e dim.*

1. I dream to-night of home so bright, In other days gone by. Now lost to me, for here I lie An out-cast left to die.  
 2. That dear home once was fair and bright, On earth no sweeter place. But on it fell the tempter's blight, Then ruin and disgrace.  
 3. I had a happy fireside there, With wife and children three, They could not live in such despair, So death took them from me.  
 4. God knows if I could live again. The days that are no more, The curse which prov'd my manhood's bane, Would cling to me no more.  
 5. Then show me but a helping hand, To turn my steps aright, A wretched outcast tho' I stand, I'll sign the pledge to-night.

*Chorus.*

No home or nothing left for me My own in joy to call, The blood-red wine, These treasures mine Has stolen me and all.

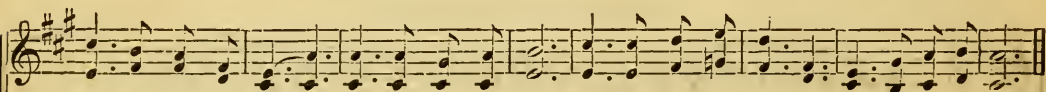
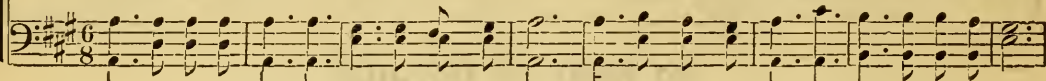
## YIELD NOT TO THE TEMPTER.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

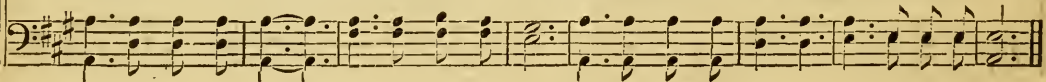
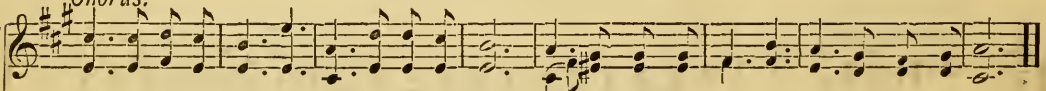
J. H. TENNEY.



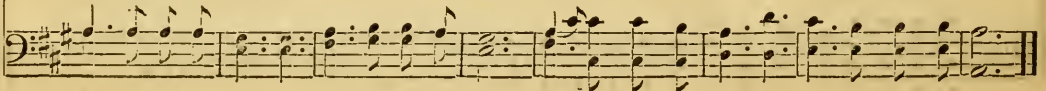
1. Yield not to the tempt-er, Pass by and be free, For yield-ing is ru-in, And sorrow for thee,
2. Yield not to the tempt-er, Turn quickly a-way, Go min-gle with hon-or, In life's busy fray,
3. Yield not to the tempt-er, Be firm and be true, Ask God to in weakness Your courage re-new,



Why should you now bar-ter The jew-el of youth, With shame for your honor, And wrong for the truth?  
 Fall not from your sta-tion, What-ev-er it be, Keep clear from the danger, That beck-ons to thee.  
 To heav-en your prayers Send up-ward a-gain, That you may be ev-er A man a-mong men.

*Chorus.*

Yield not to the tempt-er, Pass by and be free, For yielding is ru-in And sor-row for thee.

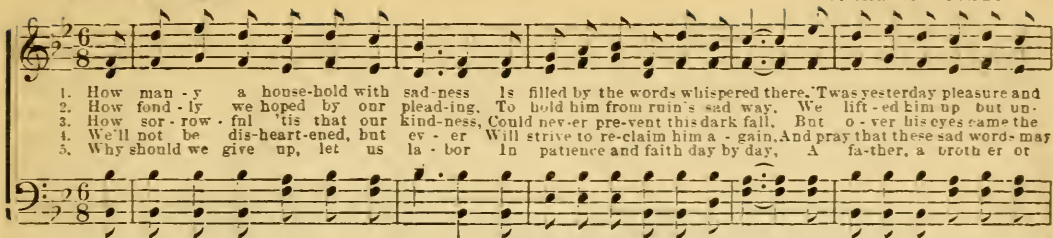


# DRINKING AGAIN.

67

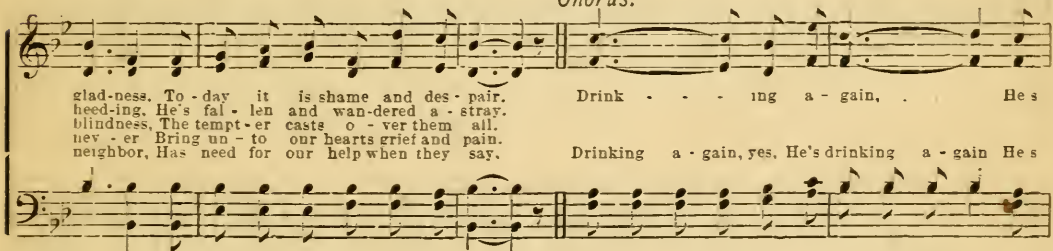
ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY

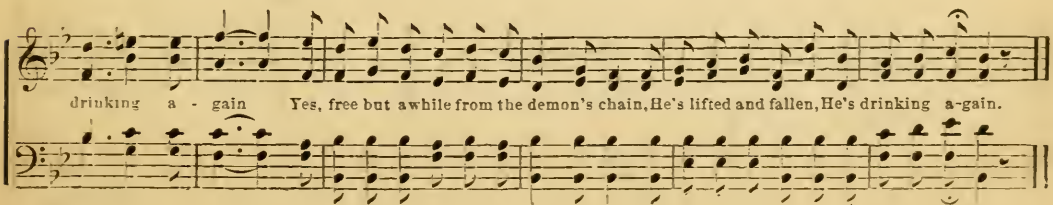


1. How man - y a house-hold with sad-ness Is filled by the words whispered there, 'Twas yesterday pleasure and  
 2. How fond - ly we hoped by our plead-ing, To hold him from ruin's sad way. We lift-ed him up but un-  
 3. How sor - row - ful 'tis that our kind-ness, Could nev-er pre-vent this dark fall. But o - ver his eyes came the  
 4. We'll not be dis-heart-ened, but ev - er Will strive to re-claim him a - gain, And pray that these sad word-may  
 5. Why should we give up, let us la - bor In pa-tience and faith day by day, A fa-ther, a broth-er or

## Chorus.



glad-ness. To-day it is shame and des-pair. Drink - - - ing a - gain, . . . He s  
 heed-ing, He's fal-len and wan-dered a - stray.  
 blindness, The tempt-er casts o - ver them all.  
 nev - er Bring un - to our hearts grief and pain.  
 neighbor, Has need for our help when they say, Drinking a - gain, yes, He's drinking a - gain He s

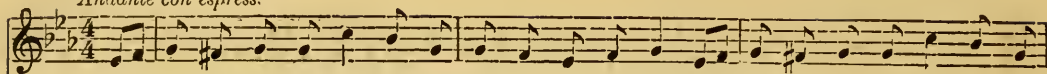


drinking a - gain Yes, free but awhile from the demon's chain, He's lifted and fallen, He's drinking a - gain.

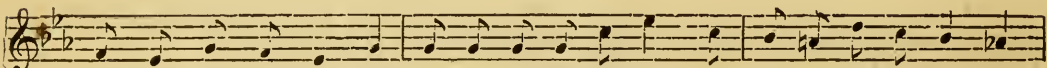
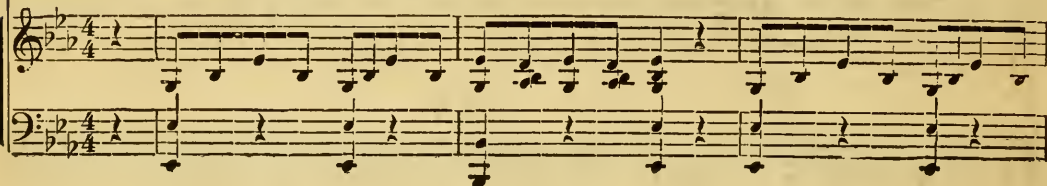
## MUST WE LEAVE THE OLD HOME?

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

*Andante con espress.*

1. Oh must we leave the old home, Say tell me moth - er dear, Where we have lived to - geth - er, So
2. How can we leave the old home, And all we love so well? Where can we find an - oth - er? I'm
3. Oh can we save the old home, Must strangers come and take A - way our on - ly ref - uge, While



hap - py many a year? You say that fa - ther's drink - ing, Has brought us all this woe, Why  
 sure I can - not tell; You say that fa - ther's left us, And gone a - way you know, Oh  
 we its joys for - sake? You say that fa - ther's ru - ined By Rum's harsh cru - el blow, If





*rit e dim.* *Chorus.*

are you weep-ing, moth-er, Say tell me must we go?  
 is it true, dear mother, Say tell me must we go? Yes, we must leave the old home, The  
 God would hear our prayers, We need not ev - er go.

*rit e dim.*

Yes, we must leave the old home, The

*rit e dim.*

old home we love so, Out in the world to wan - der, Yes, dar-ling, we must go.

*rit e dim.*

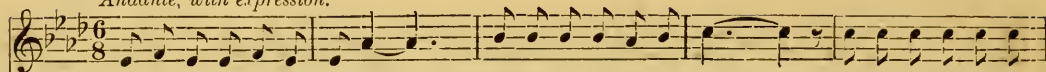
old home we love so, Out in the world to wan - der, Yes, dar-ling, we must go.

*rit e dim.*

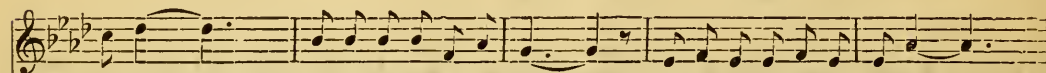
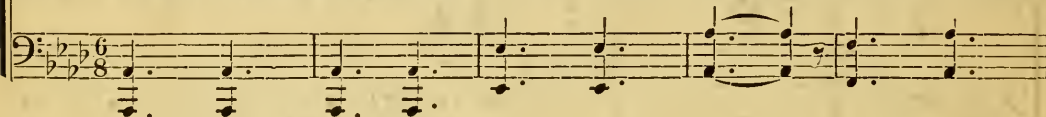
# WAIFS OF THE DRUNKARD'S SAD HOME.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

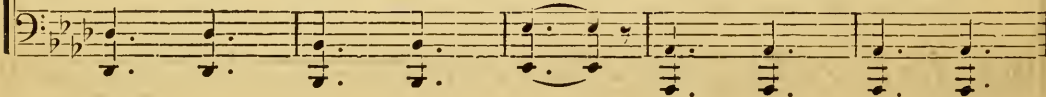
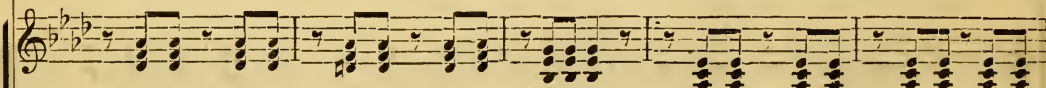
FRANK M. DAVIS.

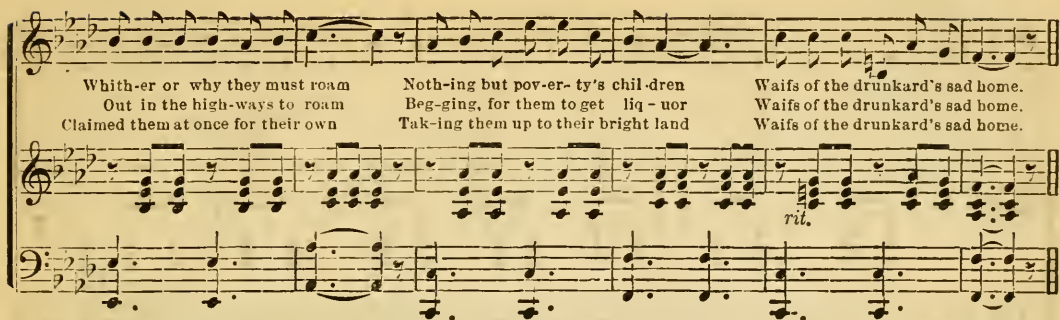
*Andante, with expression.*


- |          |           |                  |                               |        |                            |
|----------|-----------|------------------|-------------------------------|--------|----------------------------|
| 1. Ma-ny | a lit-tle | one wan-ders     | Cloth'd with but tat-ters and | rag's, | Out in the streets of the  |
| 2. Ma-ny | a lit-tle | one's plea-ding, | Some-times for pen-nies or    | bread, | Of-ten what lit-tle we     |
| 3. Ma-ny | a lit-tle | one's ly-ing     | Hun-gry and cold on the       | floor, | Round them the de-mons mad |



- |            |                              |        |   |
|------------|------------------------------|--------|---|
| ci - ty    | Ov - er the cold sto - ny    | flags; | Hun-dreds pass by them un - heed - ing. |
| give, them | Goes to the rum shop in -    | stead; | Sent by a father or moth-er.            |
| rev - el   | Lulls them to sleep with its | roar;  | Bet-ter for them that death's an-gels,  |

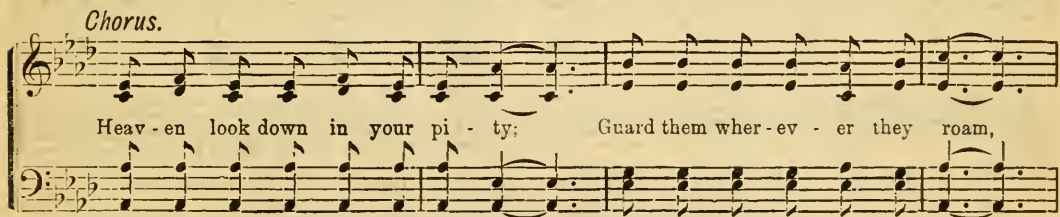




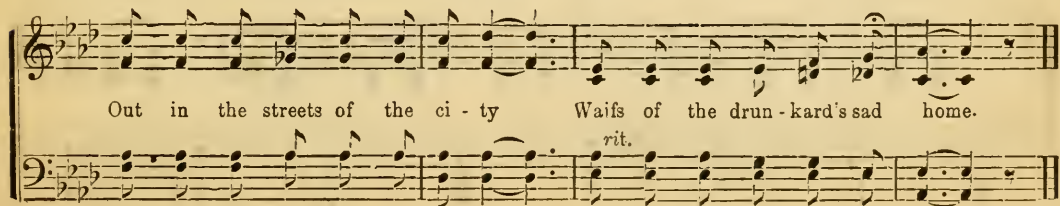
Whith-er or why they must roam      Noth-ing but pov-er-ty's chil-dren      Waifs of the drunkard's sad home.  
 Out in the high-ways to roam      Beg-ging, for them to get liq-uor      Waifs of the drunkard's sad home.  
 Claimed them at once for their own      Tak-ing them up to their bright land      Waifs of the drunkard's sad home.

*rit.*

*Chorus.*



Heav-en look down in your pi-ty;      Guard them wher-ev-er they roam,

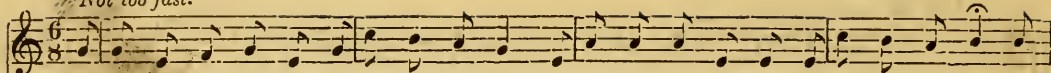


Out in the streets of the ci-ty      Waifs of the drun-kard's sad home.

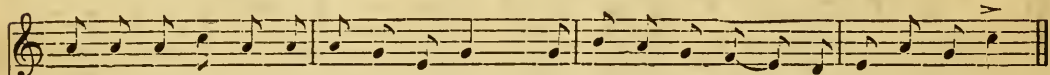
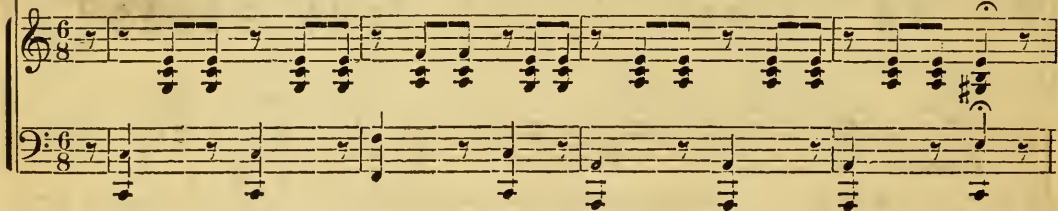
*rit.*

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

*Not too fast.*

1. You know ver-y well that the peo-ple who drink Have cur-i-ous names for their potions I think, And
2. It seems ver-y won-der-ful thus it should be, The more that men smile that the less smiles they see, And
3. If men lack of smiles in the cir-cle of home, In hours of their la-bor wherever they roam, They'll
4. Don't smile, then, my friends, be ye sober in life, Not so-ber in heart but in ac-tion and strife, Smile



some of them, too, in the odd-est of styles,      The odd-est that's known is the queer one of smiles.  
 smil-ing each day with a friend that de-files,      Then looks rather strange that men care for these smiles.  
 find this the rea-son the wine-cup be-guiles,      And they have lost smiles be-cause of their smiles.  
 all that you can in the var-i-ous styles,      Have ev-'ry-thing else but the wine-bib-bers smiles.



*Chorus.*

Yes, smiles, wine-bib-ber's smiles, Yes, smiles, wine-bib-ber's smiles, But  
 ha, ha, ha, ha,

these which the tempter of manhood beguiles, Are flat-ter-ing, ru-in-ing, liq-uor-room smiles.

**LORD BLESS OUR TEMPERANCE BAND.**

(Air, Boylston.)

REV. W. T. DALE.

- 1 Lord bless our Temp'rance band,  
 Our chosen sons defend,  
 Protect our heaven-favored land,  
 And guide us to the end.
- 2 Let drunkenness and vice  
 Be banished from our land,  
 And holy songs of triumph rise  
 From our united band.

- 3 Let temp'rance swell the breeze  
 And spread the earth around,  
 Till distant lands beyond the seas  
 Shall echo back the sound.
- 4 Till every tribe and tongue  
 Shall temp'rance laws obey,  
 And all mankind with cheerful songs  
 Regard the glorious day.

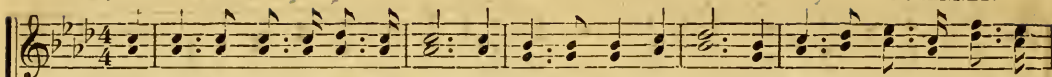


## THE RED AND BLUE RIBBONS.

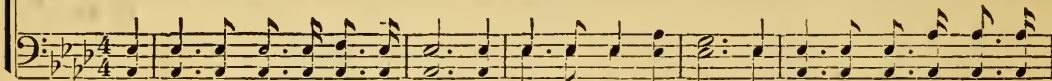
Rev. ROBERT KERR.

(For Male Voices.)

J. H. TENNEY.

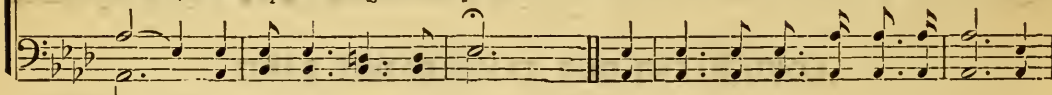


1. A small af-fair the bows we wear May look, dear friends, to you; To us they're types of love and
2. The blood is red that warms our hearts, And glow-ing red the love That yearns to raise the fal-len
3. The sky is blue that smiles o'er all, And sheds its kind-ly dew, Lo we, in bless-ing all a -
4. As red and blue in Rain-bows shine To charm a-way our fears, Lo, we u-nite to give the

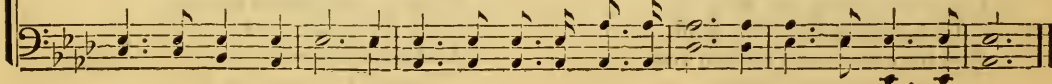


truth, The prec-ious Red and Blue.  
 ones, To heights of bliss a - bove.  
 round, Would ev - er be true blue.  
 world, The hope of bright - er years.

Suc - cess to all who wear the badge Of



hon - or Red or Blue; And in the high and hol - y cause, May they be leal and true.

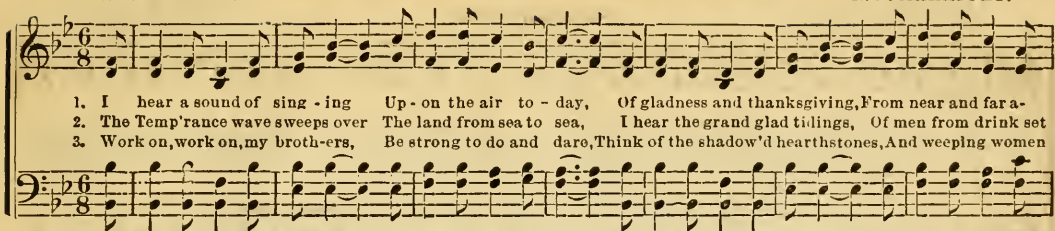


# THE KNOT OF RIBBONS BLUE.

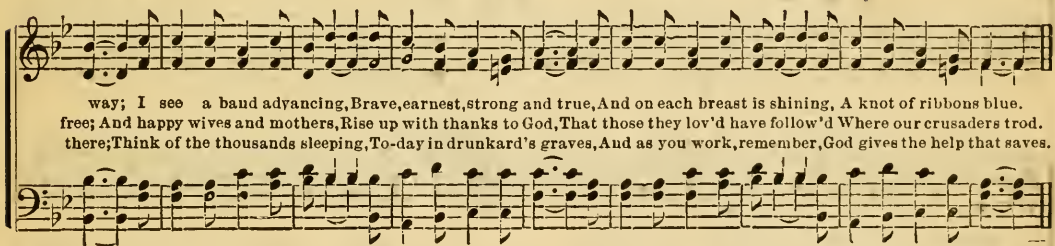
75

EBEN E. REXFORD.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

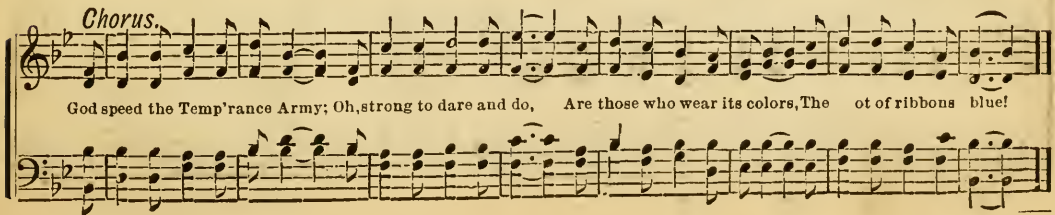


1. I hear a sound of sing - ing Up - on the air to - day, Of gladness and thanksgiving, From near and far a -  
 2. The Temp'rance wave sweeps over The land from sea to sea, I hear the grand glad tidings, Of men from drink set  
 3. Work on, work on, my broth - ers, Be strong to do and dare, Think of the shadow'd hearthstones, And weeping women



way; I see a band advancing, Brave, earnest, strong and true, And on each breast is shining, A knot of ribbons blue.  
 free; And happy wives and mothers, Rise up with thanks to God, That those they lov'd have follow'd Where our crusaders trod.  
 there; Think of the thousands sleeping, To-day in drunkard's graves, And as you work, remember, God gives the help that saves.

*Chorus.*



God speed the Temp'rance Army; Oh, strong to dare and do, Are those who wear its colors, The ot of ribbons blue!

## THE OLD FOLKS WOULD BE HAPPY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

(Solo and Chorus.)

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Oh, the old folks would be happy If they knew I'd signed the pledge, For my feet have long been  
 2. Of - ten they have pleaded with me, That I should my good name save. It was their kind words that  
 3. They are growing old and fee-ble, Swiftly pass - ing down life's hill, I must live to cheer and

*rit e dim.**Chorus.*

stay-ing, On the brink of ru-in's edge.  
 kept me From a drunk-ard's shameful grave.  
 guard them, And God help-ing me I will.

Yes, to-day I have stopped drinking, No more

Yes, to-day I have stopped drinking, No more

*rit e dim.*

# THE OLD FOLKS WOULD BE HAPPY.—Concluded.

77

*cres.* *rit e dim.*

shame up - on my brow, O, the old folks would be hap - py Could they see their boy to-night.

## FORWARD PRESS THY CONQUERING WAY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.  
*Very bold.*

A. J. ABBEY.

1. For-ward press thy conq'ring way, Temp'rance, forward press, Let thy sceptre's might-y sway,  
2. For-ward press thy conq'ring way. Temp'rance, forward press, Bid the darkness roll a - way.  
3. For-ward press thy conq'ring way. Temp'rance, forward press, Till su-preme shall be thy sway,

On-ward still in strength and pride,  
Proud - ly let it there de - fy,  
Na - tions wor - ship at the shrine, *D.S.*

*Fine.*

Sweep a - way dis - tress; Cast thy foes in fear a - side, Break the bands of shame,  
And the sunshine bless; Raise thy loy - al stand - ard high, O - ver land and sea,  
And thy pow'r no less; Might and maj - es - ty be thine, While throughout the world,

Bear thy glor - ious name.  
All in - i - q - ui - ty.  
Where no flag is furled.

## THE TEMP'RANCE CROWN IS OURS.

ARTHUR

CH.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. The Tem - - - p'rance crown is ours, Joy-ful-ly sing, Joy-ful-ly  
1. The Temp'rance crown is ours, Temp'rance crown is ours, Joy-ful-ly come sing,

sing 'Tis wreath'd with love's sweet flow'rs To it we'll  
 Joy - ful - ly come sing 'Tis wreath'd with love's sweet flow'rs, wreath'd with love's sweet flow'rs, To it we'll

cling, To it so proud-ly cling,  
cling, To it so proud-ly cling, proudly cling. Spot-less let us strive to keep its fame. And



nev - er let be tarnished its fair and honored name. The Temp'rance crown with jewels rare, Up-  
Jew - els rare,  
to wear, to wear,  
on our brow we proudly love to wear, We proudly love to wear, we  
on our brow we Proud-ly love to wear, we proudly love to wear,  
D.C.  
proudly love to wear, We proud-ly love to wear, Up - on our brow we proud-ly love to wear.

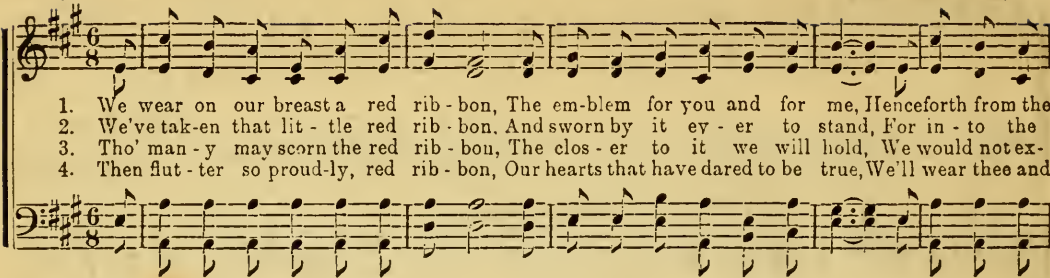
2. The Temp'rance crown we wear,  
(Temp'rance crown we wear.)  
Happily sing, Happily come sing,  
We'll treasure it with care,  
(Treasure it with care.)  
Joy it will bring, (Joy it will ever bring;)  
Under it are beating hearts so true,  
That will not falter in any duty they've to do,  
The Temp'rance crown, &c.

3. The Temp'rance crown be yours,  
(Temp'rance crown be yours.)  
Merrily sing, (Merrily come sing,)  
The cup that all allures,  
(Cup that all allures,)  
Far from you fling, (Far from you quickly fling:)  
Mingle in our ranks with joy and glee,  
For there awaits a welcome and this our song shall be,  
The Temp'rance crown, &c.

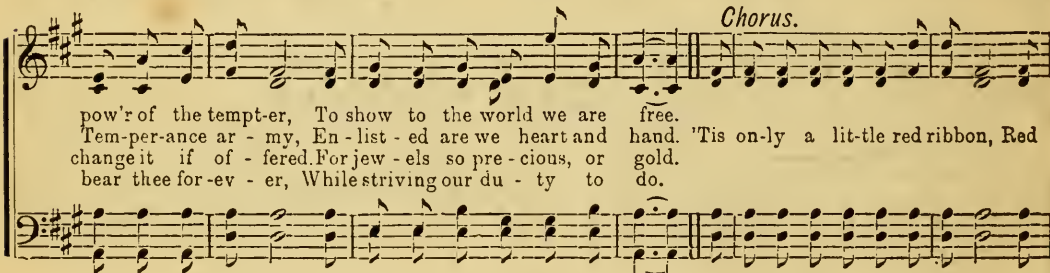
## ONLY A LITTLE RED RIBBON.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

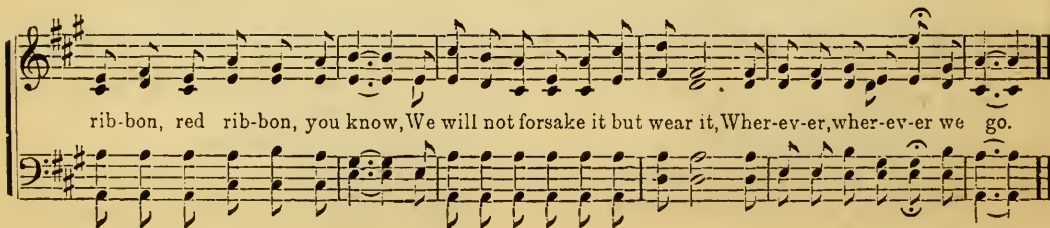
MRS. C. L. HOWE.



1. We wear on our breast a red rib-bon, The em-blem for you and for me, Henceforth from the  
 2. We've tak-en that lit-tle red rib-bon, And sworn by it ev-er to stand, For in-to the  
 3. Tho' man-y may scorn the red rib-bon, The clos-er to it we will hold, We would not ex-  
 4. Then flut-ter so proud-ly, red rib-bon, Our hearts that have dared to be true, We'll wear thee and



*Chorus.*  
 pow'r of the tempt-er, To show to the world we are free.  
 Tem-per-ance ar-my, En-list-ed are we heart and hand. 'Tis on-ly a lit-tle red ribbon, Red  
 change it if of-fered. For jew-els so pre-cious, or gold.  
 bear thee for-ev-er, While striving our du-ty to do.



rib-bon, red rib-bon, you know, We will not forsake it but wear it, Where-ev-er, where-ev-er we go.

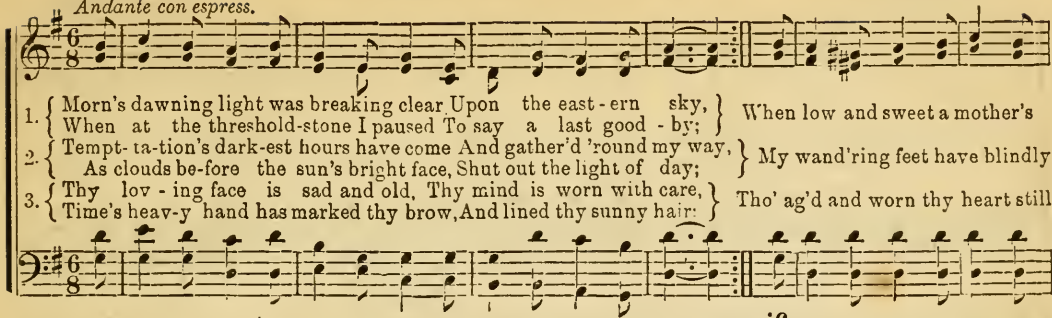
# REMEMBER, MY BOY, DON'T DRINK.

81

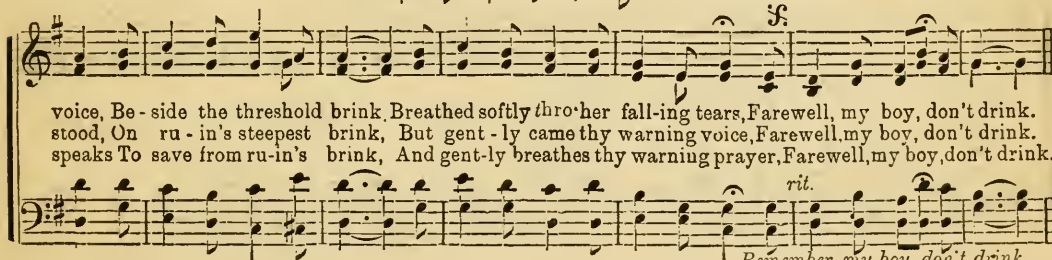
JOHN A. MIGHT.

JOHN A. MIGHT.

*Andante con espress.*

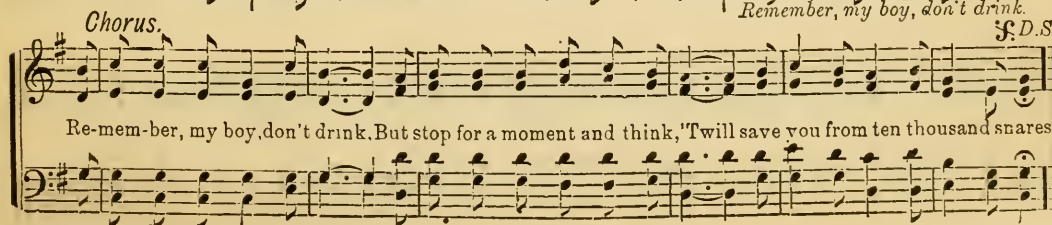


1. { Morn's dawning light was breaking clear Upon the east-ern sky, } When low and sweet a mother's  
 2. { When at the threshold-stone I paused To say a last good-by; } My wand'ring feet have blindly  
 3. { As clouds be-fore the sun's bright face, Shut out the light of day; } Tho' ag'd and worn thy heart still  
 3. { Thy lov-ing face is sad and old, Thy mind is worn with care, }  
 3. { Time's heav-y hand has marked thy brow, And lined thy sunny hair: }



voice, Be-side the threshold brink, Breathed softly thro' her fall-ing tears, Farewell, my boy, don't drink.  
 stood, On ru-in's steepest brink, But gent-ly came thy warning voice, Farewell, my boy, don't drink.  
 speaks To save from ru-in's brink, And gent-ly breathes thy warning prayer, Farewell, my boy, don't drink.

*Chorus.*



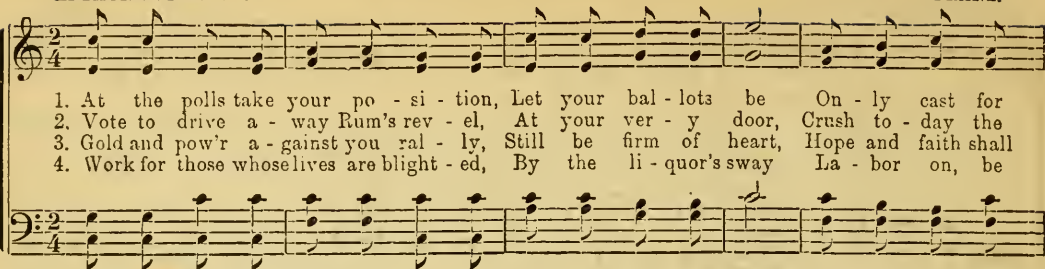
*Remember, my boy, don't drink.* *rit.* *S.D.S.*

Re-mem-ber, my boy, don't drink. But stop for a moment and think, 'Twill save you from ten thousand snares,

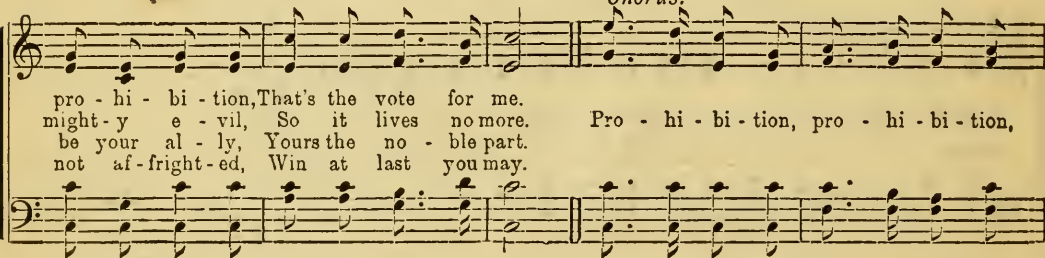
## VOTE FOR PROHIBITION.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

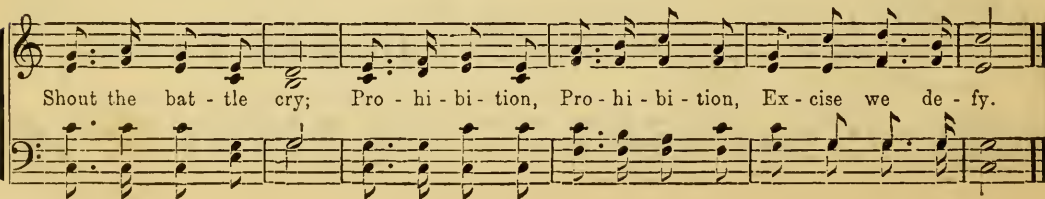
FRANZ.



1. At the polls take your po - si - tion, Let your bal - lots be On - ly cast for  
 2. Vote to drive a - way Rum's rev - el, At your ver - y door, Crush to - day the  
 3. Gold and pow'r a - gainst you ral - ly, Still be firm of heart, Hope and faith shall  
 4. Work for those whose lives are blight - ed, By the li - quor's sway La - bor on, be

*Chorus.*


pro - hi - bi - tion, That's the vote for me.  
 might - y e - vil, So it lives no more. Pro - hi - bi - tion, pro - hi - bi - tion,  
 be your al - ly, Yours the no - ble part.  
 not af - fright - ed, Win at last you may.



Shout the bat - tle cry; Pro - hi - bi - tion, Pro - hi - bi - tion, Ex - cise we de - fy.

# PUSHING ON THE CAR!

83

E. R. LATTA.

J. F. DISNEY.

*Lively.*

1. Urg-... on the bat-tle, Mid the sul-phur smoke, Fear-ing not the can-non, Nor the sa-ber stroke;  
 2. Though the foe be man-y, Though the foe be strong, And we hear their legions As they march a - long,  
 3. We will drive the monster From his hid-ing place, Of his noxious presence Leav-ing not a trace;  
 4. Vic-to - ry a-waits us, It is draw-ing near! We shall sure-ly con-quer If we per-se-vere!

Man-ful - ly con-tend-ing, Where-so-e'er we are! We're the Temp'rance Army Push-ing on the car!  
 We are not dis-cour-aged In our right-eous war! We ex-pect to tri-umph Push-ing on the car!  
 We the good will shel-ter From the demon's pow'r! And the fall-en res-cue Push-ing on the car!  
 That the curse no lon-ger Hap-py homes shall mar, Let us be more earn-est Push-ing on the car!

*Chorus.*

Push-ing on the car! Push-ing on the car! Prov-i-dence will help us, Push-ing on the car!



## WHICH SHALL IT BE?

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

(For Male Voices.)

FRANZ.

1. Red rib-bons we see ev-'ry day in the street, Red nos-es of course at the same time we  
 2. Red rib-bons are sig-nals of safe-ty and cheer, Red nos-es are dan-ger-lights, venture not  
 3. Red rib-bons are worn as the em-blems of right, Red nos-es are fruits of the li-quer cup's  
 4. Red rib-bons will lead us to hon-or and fame, Red nos-es will bring us to sor-row and

meet, So just for an ar-gu-ment we will sup-pose, Here's a red rib-bon and there's a red nose.  
 near, 'Tis eas-y to guess at your choice I sup-pose, You want a red rib-bon, but not a red nose.  
 blight, It's not hard to tell how your prefer-ence goes, You'll take a red ribbon and not a red nose.  
 shame. Then glad be the hour that in tri-umph you chose To wear a red rib-bon and not a red nose.

*Chorus.*

Red nose, Red rib-bon, say which shall it be? Oh which do you think is best suit-ed to thee? Should

you have to choose as an ar - gu - ment goes, Would you have a red rib - bon or have a red nose?

This musical score is for the song 'Which Shall It Be?'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

## SOW THE SEED.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

CHARLIE M. DAVIS.

1. Sow the fruit-ful seed of love, Sow the seed of light. Sow the seed of earnest work, Sow the seed of right.  
2. Sow the welcome seed of hope, Sow the seed of cheer, Sow the seed of blessed joy, Sow and nev - er fear.  
3. Sow the seed of jus - tice too, And the seed of toil, Sow the seed of la - bor true, Sow and till the soil.

This musical score is for the song 'Sow the Seed.' It features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

*Chorus.*

By the way-side tho' it be, Scat - ter, scat - ter seed, And the har - vest by and by Shall be rich indeed.

This musical score is for the chorus of 'Sow the Seed.' It features a treble and bass staff in B-flat major (two flats) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

## TEACH THE CHILDREN TO DESPISE IT.

E. R. LATTA.

T. FRANK ALLEN.

*Earnestly.*

1. Of the countless host of vic-tims, To the curs-ed de-mon drink, Tho' we may by per-se-  
 2. Oh, the guilt of care-less par-ents, Who al-low their boys to run Un-ad-mon-ished and un-  
 3. Oh, how man-y we have witnessed, In their childhood led a-stray, Who, the pathway to de-

ver-ance. Res-cue man-y from the brink; Yet the truth should be repeated, And re-peat-ed still a-  
 guard-ed, Till the dread-ful work is done; Warn the rising gen-er-a-tion, Keep them from the monster's  
 struction Mad-ly fol-lowed all the way; Let the truth be oft re-peat-ed, And re-peat-ed still a-

*Chorus.*  
 gain, Teach the chil-dren to des-pise it, If you wish for temp'rance men.  
 den, Teach the chil-dren to des-pise it, If you wish for temp'rance men. Let the truth, then, be re-  
 gain, Teach the chil-dren to des-pise it, If you wish for temp'rance men.

peat-ed. And re-peat-ed o'er a-gain, Teach the children to des-pise it, If you wish for temp'rance men.

## NEAR THE CROSS.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Near the cross of Je - sus, Ev - er let me be. . . Where the pre-cious  
 2. 'Neath the migh-ty shad - ow, From the noon-tide heat, . . I would ev - er  
 3. Sweet and peace-ful shel - ter, On it I re - ly, . . Through the storms and

*Fine.* *D S.* Near the cross of

foun - tain Flows and cleanseth me.  
 lin - ger In that ref - uge sweet. Near the cross, near the cross, Cross of Cal - va - ry,  
 tem - pests, That a-round me lie.

Je - sus, Ev - er let me be.

## SLAVES OR FREEMEN.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

T. FRANK ALLEN.

*With vigor.*

1. Slaves or freemen, we must ev - er In life's bus-y ac-tion be Bound by chains so hard to sev - er, Or walk  
 2. Shall we languish in a pris-on, From the balmy air of day? Let us shun the world we've riven, Out of  
 3. Can we live while we are hold-en Cap-tive to the tempter's chains? No, for lib-er-ty is gold-en, And a  
 4. Free or captive, 'tis your choosing, Which you would prefer to be, Lib-er-ty and manhood los-ing, Or main-

*Chorus.*

forth in lib-er-ty, Friends of temp'rance, then a-wak-en, To the dan-ger of the  
 gloom and sor-row's way.  
 free-dom yet re-mains.  
 tain your birthright free. Friends of temp'rance, then a-wak-en, then a-wak-en To the dan-ger, to the

hour,  
 dan-ger of the hour,  
 'Tis no time for i-dle sigh-ing, Let us crush the God-de-fy-ing Friend that lures us to his pow'r,



# BEWARE OF THE WINE.

89

Rev. J H MARTIN D. D.

"Look not upon the wine when it is red."—Prov. 23: 31.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY,

*Allegro.*

1. Be-ware of the wine when its col - or is bright, When it spar-les and flash-es and foams in the light; No  
2. A - las! like a ser-pent with poi-son-ous breath, Its form is im-bued with the spir-it of death, A  
3. As Sa-tan so art ful, so cuu-ning and wise, De-ceived the first wo-man in pleas-ing dis - guise; So

*Chorus.*

ob-ject so temp-ting, so charm-ing and fine, As the flow-ing bright goblet the rich, ruby wine. Be - ware of the  
fe-ver that ra-ges it burns up the flame, Con-sum-ing the vi-tals a fierce, ar-dent flame.  
wine as a mock-er a cheat, and a lie, Al-lur-ing its vic-tims to drink and to die. of the wine!

*Rit.*

wine! There's poison in its breath; Be-ware of the wine! It leads to destruction and ends in death.  
of the wine in its breath; of the wine, of the wine!

# MARCHING BOLDLY ONWARD.

J. H. BURKE.

J. H. BURKE.

1. { Spread the Temp'rance ban-ner out, let it float up - on the breeze, And for Temp'rance 'et us  
Till the tempting cup no more blights the lives of those we love, And the curse of drink no  
2. { Oh, what thousands do we see drift - ing down to dark - est night, By the pow'r of drink so  
But we'll trust to God for aid and we'll ne'er give o'er the fight, Till its vic - tims from the  
3. { For - ward to the bat - tle then, in the strength of Christ, the Lord, For his prom - is - es to  
Tho' the fight be hard and long, he will cheer us by his word, And thro' him we shall the

1. 2. *Chorus.*  
ev - er no - bly stand, (Omit.)..... }  
(Omit.)..... more af - flicts the land. }  
ruthlessly enslaved, (Omit.) }  
(Omit.) wine cup are all saved, } Marching boldly onward ev - er, Singing gladly as we  
us are ver - y sure, (Omit.) }  
(Omit.) vic - to - ry se - cure. }

Marching bold - ly onward ev - er, Singing glad - ly

go. For the Lord is on our side and thro' him we shall prevail, As we trust him we shall overcome the foe.  
as we go.

# THE RED, THE WHITE, THE BLUE.

91

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. { The Temp'rance ar-my march-es In tri-umph thro' the land, (Omit.)  
Be-neath their roy-al ban-ners (Omit.) A proud vic-to-ri-ous band, Their en-signs are the

col-ors So stead-fast, firm, and true; All hat these glo-ri-ous em-blems, The Red, the White, The Blue!

*Chorus.*

Then ral-ly, sol-diers, to nob-ly dare and do, Be-neath your glo-ri-ous em-blems. The Red, the White, the Blue.

Then ral-ly, ral-ly,

2.

This mighty army battles Against the hordes of Rum,  
To never fail nor falter Till they are overcome;  
Though beaten back they ever The bitter strife renew,  
'Till proudly crowned with vict'ry, The red, the white, the blue.

Long may this valliant army Triumphant ever be,  
Till all the wide world over Mankind from Rum are free,  
Till crushed is every stronghold Where sin and ruin brew,  
Their potions now defying, The red, the white, the blue.

## WRECKS UPON THE SHORE.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

*Moderato.*

1. Our boat is launched . . . up-on the tide, The wa - - - ters rip - ple by . . .

1, Our boat is launched up - on the tide, The wa-ters rip-ple, rip - ple by,

A-down the stream . . . of life we glide, Be neath hope's smiling sky; . . .

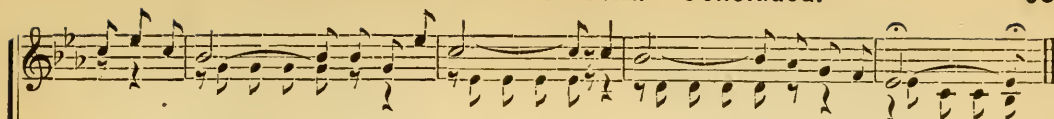
A down the stream of life we glide, Beneath hope's smiling, smil-ing sky;

With happy hearts . . . we drift a - long, The fu - - - - ture bright be-fore, . . .

With hap-py hearts we drift a-long, The fu-ture bright, bright be-fore,

# WRECKS UPON THE SHORE.—Concluded.

93

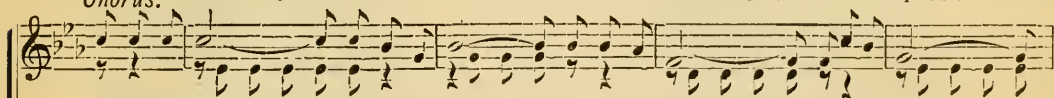


Tho' ev-'ry-where a-round us throng. The wrecks . . . up - on the shore

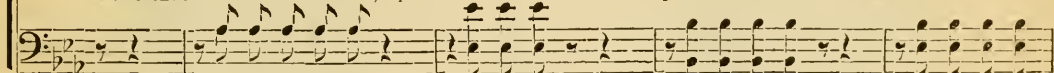
*Rit.*

*Chorus.*

Tho' ev-'rywhere a-round us throng The wrecks upon, up - on the shore



Sad wrecks of man hood, hope and fame. Of self - re-spect . . . and noble name.

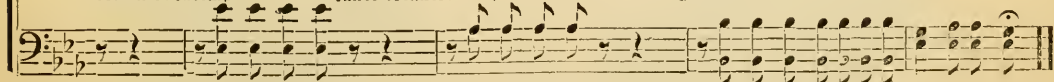


Sad wrecks of manhood. hope and fame. Of self-re-spect and no-ble name.



Lost where intemp 'rance breakers roar, The warning wrecks upon the shore.

*Rit.*



Lost when intemp 'rance breakers roar, The warning wrecks upon the shore, on the shore.

2. In some bright day they too their boat  
Launched in the fickle tide,  
Misguided ones who took no note  
Of reefs on every side;  
In mirth and glee the hours went by.  
To come again no more,  
While on they dashed with careless eye,  
For wrecks upon the shore.  
Sad wrecks of manhood, &c.

3. Too soon they found that they were tossed  
Upon the rocks of woe,  
No help for them and they were lost,  
Crushed by some fearful blow;  
So let us then a warning take,  
From those who went before,  
To shape our course so we may make  
No wrecks upon the shore.  
Sad wrecks of manhood, &c.



**Father of Mercies.***Air, "There is a Fountain."—Gospel Hymns No. 1, p. 89.*

Father of mercies, bless our cause  
 'Neath thy paternal care,  
 Far spread its righteous work and laws;  
 This be our fervent pray'r  
 This be our fervent pray'r,  
 This be our fervent pray'r,  
 Far spread its righteous work and laws;  
 This be our fervent pray'r

Father of mercies, with wisdom bless  
 Our spirits, and impart  
 Unto our labors sweet success,  
 And reign within each heart,  
 And reign within each heart,  
 And reign within each heart,  
 Unto our labors give success,  
 And reign within each heart.

Father of mercies, may we be  
 Firm unto all our trust,  
 And by the hopes we hold in thee,  
 Preserve our cause so just,  
 Preserve our cause so just,  
 Preserve our cause so just,  
 And by the hopes we hold in thee,  
 Preserve our cause so just.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

**Hallelujah, We Have Saved Them.***Air, "White as Snow."—Gospel Hymns No. 3, p. 54.*

Yes, 'tis the work of Jesus,  
 The holy, loving one;  
 By him in grace and mercy  
 The glorious work is done.

*Chorus*—Hallelujah, we have saved them;  
 This be our joyful song,  
 Hallelujah, we have saved them,  
 To Christ they now belong.

No, they are free from sorrow;  
 No longer shall they grieve,  
 For in a loving Saviour  
 Their hearts at last believe.

The prodigals returning  
 Unto a father's home,  
 In sin no more their footsteps  
 Shall go astray or roam.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH

**Is There Room?***Tune "Safe in the Arms of Jesus."—Gospel Hymns, No. 1, p. 6.*

Far from the Master's kingdom,  
 Far from the better way,  
 Bearing a heavy burden,  
 Helpless and blind I stray.  
 Once in my Father's mansion,  
 Shielded from harm and blight;  
 Now, on the husks I'm feeding,  
 Shrouded in gloom and night.  
 O for a hand to guide me  
 Back to that sheltered home!  
 O for a light to cheer me,  
 Piercing the deep ning gloom!  
 Now, from the depths of anguish,  
 Saviour, I cry to thee!  
 Far from my home I languish;  
 O is there room for me?

*Chorus*—Far from the Master's kingdom,  
 Far from the better way,  
 Bearing a heavy burden,  
 Helpless and blind I stray.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

**'Tis by the Aid of Jesus.***Air, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus."—Gospel Hymns No. 1, p. 6.*

'Tis by the aid of Jesus,  
 'Tis by his gentle power,  
 That we can only triumph,  
 Now in this glorious hour.  
 See how the sinful children  
 Turn from their ways of wrong,  
 Coming to him so gladly  
 Here in our temprance throng.

*Chorus*—'Tis by the aid of Jesus,  
 'Tis by his gentle power,  
 That we can only triumph,  
 Now in this glorious hour.

'Tis by the aid of Jesus,  
 'Tis through his loving grace,  
 That we we can crush the tyrant  
 Out of his luring place.  
 Yes, we will through him conquer  
 Over the foes of sin,  
 He giveth us the victory  
 That no one else might win.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

**Leave Them Not, O Gentle Saviour.***Air, "Pass me not by."—Gospel Hymns No. 1, p. 28.*

Leave them not, O gentle Saviour,  
Though by sin defiled;  
With thy tenderness and mercy  
Help each fallen child.

*Chorus*—Saviour, Saviour, near them ever be;  
Through thy tenderness and mercy  
Bring them unto thee.

They have fallen by the wayside,  
Snares about their feet;  
Raise them up, and bid them welcome  
To thy mercy-seat.

Pity reigneth in thy bosom,  
Kindness in thy heart;  
Gentle words alone can turn them  
To life's better part.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

**Keep the Pledge.***Air, "Hold the Fort."—Gospel Hymns, No. 1, p. 16.*

From thy bondage, weary captive,  
Grace hath set thee free;  
Jesus is thy great Deliverer,  
He hath ransomed thee.

*Chorus*—Keep the pledge thy hand hath given,  
Keep thine armor bright;  
Till the chains of sin are riven,  
Battle for the right.

Faithful to thy mighty Leader,  
To thy colors true,  
Through the conflict never falter,  
Bear them still in view.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

**He Will Pardon Thee.***Tune, "Whosoever Will."—Gospel Hymns No. 1, p. 12.*

O thou weary captive, fettered by thy guilt,  
For thy soul's deliverance Jesus' blood was spilt;  
Open is thy prison, if thou only wilt;  
Take the offered pardon now!

Take the pardon now! take the pardon now!  
He hath paid thy ransom with his precious blood,  
Whitened all thy garments in the cleansing flood;  
Captive, take thy pardon now.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

**Look and Live.***Air, "Bless me now."—Gospel Hymns No. 1, p. 33.*

See thy Saviour's gentle face,  
Full of tenderness and grace,  
By the wayside where you lie,  
Weary, fainting, near to die.

*Chorus*—Look and live, look and live,  
On thy Saviour look and live.

Art thou prostrate in the dust,  
Faint of heart and weak in trust,  
Cast thy doubts and fears aside,  
Here thou shalt be satisfied.

Do you suffer pain and loss  
Through the burden of thy cross,  
Lift your eyes and he will bear  
With you in the hour of care.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

**What Shall The Ending Be?***Air, "What shall the harvest be?"—Gospel Hymns, No. 1, p. 76.*

Turning away from the life divine,  
Clouding the brain with the fumes of wine,  
Robbing the home of its joy and light,  
Leaving destruction and woe and blight;  
Oh, what shall the ending be?  
Oh, what shall the ending be?

*Chorus*—Gathered like tares from the field at last,  
Gathered when hope is forever past,  
Passing from time to eternity;  
Sad, O sad shall the ending be!

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

**There is Hope for Thee.***Air, "The Gate Ajar for Me."—Gospel Hymns, No. 1, p. 17.*

Outcast from home, despised oppressed,  
Far from God and heaven,  
Come, seek thy Saviour's loving breast,  
Thy sin shall be forgiven.

*Refrain*—Accept the grace so full, so free,  
Yes, there is hope for even thee  
For thee, for thee,  
Yes, there is hope for even thee.

Cast from thy hand the fatal cup,  
Thy boon companions leaving,  
And to thy tower of strength look up,  
Not faithless but believing.

MRS. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

# CONTENTS.

Altoona - - - - -	35	Never trust - - - - -	11	Total Abstinence forever - -	54
Another One - - - - -	30	Near the Cross - - - - -	87	That is so - - - - -	57
Beware of the Wine - - - - -	89	No home or nothing - - - - -	65	Tarry not long at the Wine -	38
By the wayside - - - - -	64	Nearer my God to Thee - - -	41	There is a safe retreat - -	38
Back to back - - - - -	63	Now's the time - - - - -	44	Take this lesson to your heart	62
Better times are Coming - - -	52	Only a little Red Ribbon - -	80	Tie on the Red Ribbon - -	61
Crystal Notes - - - - -	3	On to the Rescue - - - - -	7	The Red and Blue Ribbons - -	74
Come join in our song - - - -	32	Only through Thee - - - - -	4	The knot of Blue Ribbons - -	75
Crusade Song - - - - -	48	O tis Wonderful - - - - -	19	The old Folks would be happy	76
Drink not at all - - - - -	15	O that's the drink for me -	28	The Temperance Crown - - -	78
Dash down the wine cup - - -	21	Pushing on the car - - - - -	83	Vote for Prohibition - - -	82
Drinking again - - - - -	67	Roll on the Temp'rance Ball	26	Who'll Resign the ruby wine	51
Don't cross the line, Boys - -	45	Ring out the Battle cry - -	34	We will gain the day at last -	58
Father of Mercies - - - - -	94	Remember, my boy, don't drink	81	Waifs of the Drunkard's sad home	70
Fill up the cup - - - - -	42	Rifted Rock - - - - -	12	Which shall it be? - - - -	84
Flash the top lights - - - - -	43	Saved! Saved! Saved! - - -	6	What shall the ending be? -	95
Forward press thy conquering way	77	See how the cause speeds on -	10	Wrecks on the Shore - - - -	92
God speed the day - - - - -	53	Stand by the Blue - - - - -	23	We re coming - - - - -	13
God is with his people - - - -	55	Slaves or Freemen - - - - -	88	Wide awake boys - - - - -	14
Go tell the erring - - - - -	9	Smiles - - - - -	72	Who is for the Right? - - -	17
Garnering the grain - - - - -	56	Sow the Seed - - - - -	85	We'll sign the pledge to-night, boys	18
Hurrah! Hurrah! - - - - -	8	Signal for a pilot - - - - -	40	Wake the anthem of deliverance	25
How happy will I be - - - - -	22	Standing out to sea - - - - -	36	Yield not to the tempter - -	66
Here's to the Crystal cup - - -	29	Strength for to-day - - - - -	31	Yield not to temptation - -	21
Hallelujah! we have saved them	94	There's death in the cup - -	16		
He will pardon thee - - - - -	95	Temperance Band - - - - -	27		
Is there room? - - - - -	94	Tie on the Ribbon of Blue - -	20		
Keep the pledge - - - - -	95	This is the life - - - - -	5		
Lord bless our Temp'rance Band	73	The Red the White, the Blue -	91		
Leave them not. O gentle Savior	95	Teach the children to despise it	86		
Look and live - - - - -	95	'Tis by the aid of Jesus - - -	94		
Must we leave the old home - -	68	There is hope for thee - - -	95		
Marching boldly forward	90	The first social glass - - -	46		
				<b>FOR MALE VOICES.</b>	
				Better times are Coming - -	52
				Hurrah! Hurrah! - - - - -	8
				The Red and Blue Ribbons - -	74
				Which shall it be? - - - -	84
				That is so - - - - -	57
				Wide awake Boys - - - - -	14









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